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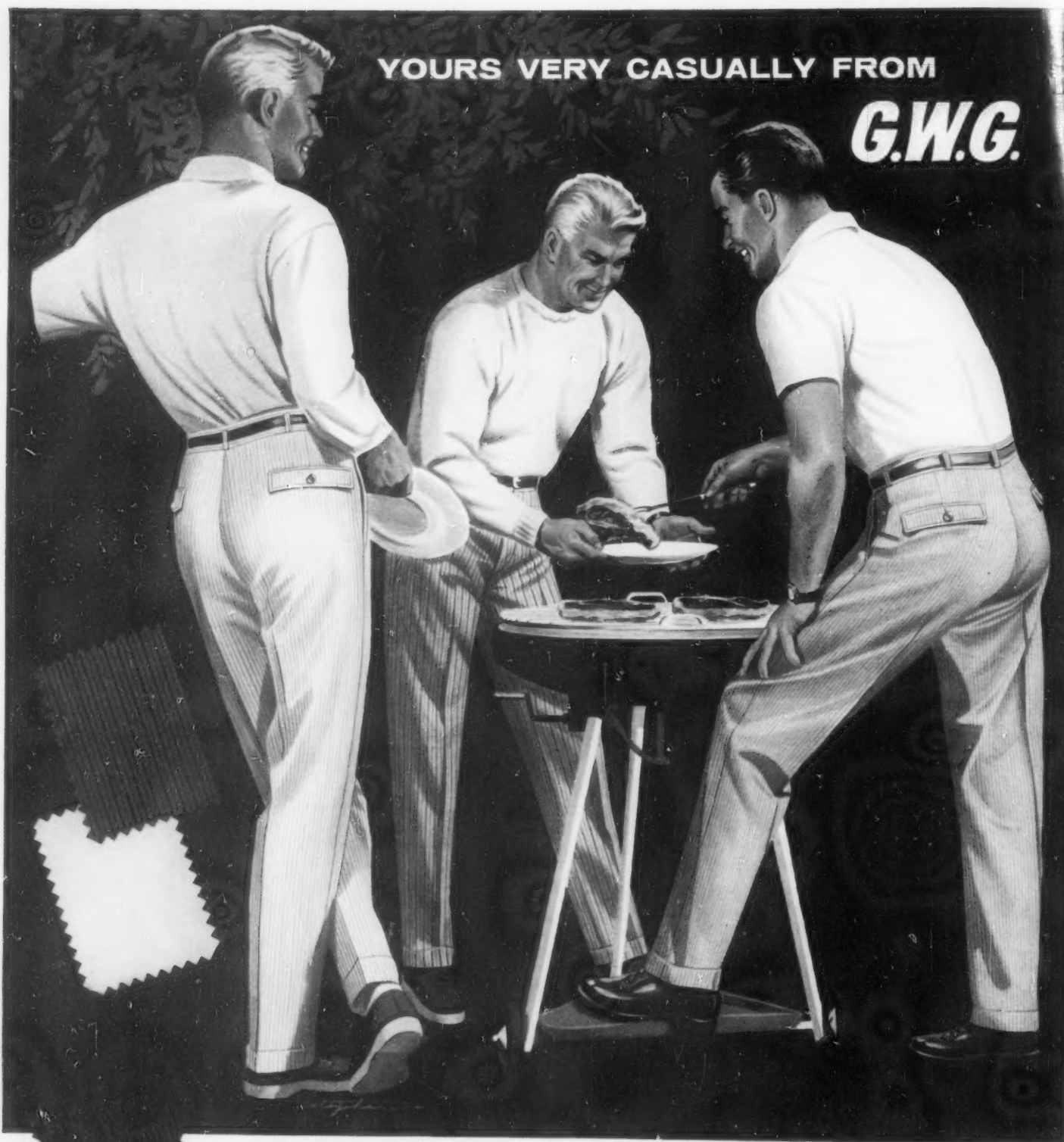
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**Is "car craziness" a menace to our teenagers?
ARE WE ALL GOING HOLLYWOOD? BRUCE HUTCHISON**

MACLEAN'S

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNE 6, 1955

MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ It's slant eyes and obis for Canadian women
- ✓ Coming up on TV: World War II replayed

WOMEN'S FASHIONS WILL FOLLOW BROADWAY this summer by going Oriental. Clothes shops are stocking up on Japanese obis—broad sashes worn with kimonos. Latest cosmetic style emphasizes slanted eyes. Hair styles will be Japanese too. But the trend has worked in reverse. Toronto lingerie designer Claire Haddad sent to Japan for some robes to spark ideas for her summer collection. They were too North American.



DAY'S LONG JOURNEY

SET DESIGNER TO WATCH is Toronto's Marie Day. Just 28, she's already done sets and costumes for the Crest Theatre and last year was Tanya Moiseiwitsch's assistant at Stratford. For years she's been trying to crack CBC-TV. But the CBC seems to prefer male designers. Now she's been signed by Broadway director (Long Day's Journey Into Night) José Quintero for his Cambridge, Mass., summer theatre.

TENSE EXECUTIVES AND HARRIED HOUSEWIVES are finding a new means of succor in an old craft: making clay pottery. There are 500 hobbyists in the Toronto area, hundreds more around Montreal. Dozens of amateur groups are springing up. Mercedes Studio in Woodbridge, Ont., which supplies most materials for Canadian potters, had a mailing list of fewer than a hundred 15 years ago. Today it's over 10,000.

SECRET WORLD WAR II COMBAT FILM shot by Canadian service photographers but never seen because it was suppressed by censors will reach your TV screen in late 1960. It's part of a ten-million-foot film dossier of the war stored by the National Film Board since 1945 at Pendleton, Ont., in an unused aircraft hangar. Now the NFB is whittling the mountain of film—240 million frames—into a series of half-hour documentaries on how Canada fought the war on land, at sea, in the air and on the home front.

YOUR 1961 POWERBOAT MAY BE A JET, powered by gasoline but blasting water out back instead of using a propeller. One model's already in use in Kentucky. Holding eight passengers, it goes 33 knots, can turn in its own length (16 feet) and rides in only 4 inches of water. Designed in New Zealand, the boats should be here in "a year or two."

OUR NEXT NATIONAL PASTIME—THE OPERA

HOCKEY since Lord Stanley, football since Earl Grey and ballet since Celia Franca have been our truly national pastimes. Now opera, one of the world's classic art-forms, is approaching—and in some informed opinions has achieved—the same status. This year, scarcely a decade after Toronto's Royal Conservatory Opera School presented its fledgling amateur performances:

✓ The Canadian Opera Company, name freshly changed, will send out two thoroughly professional troupes that will play in nine provinces.

✓ Canadians like Jon Vickers (leading tenor at London's Covent Garden), Teresa Stratas (20-year-old winner of this spring's Metropolitan Opera auditions), Ilona Kombrink (with the New York City Opera but returning to Canada this year), Irene Salemká (leading lyric soprano at the Frankfurt State Opera) and George London will be drawing bravos around the world.

✓ Festivals like the Vancouver International will present some of the world's top talents, including dozens of Canadians, to thousands of opera buffs

WILL COEDUCATION BE SCRAPPED?

"Save-the-boys-from-domination" theory spreading

SHOULD GIRLS AND BOYS be separated in high school? The B.C. Trustees Association says yes; girls dominate boys; boys lose their masculinity. There's little chance their suggestion—just one of thousands to the province's Chant Commission on education—will be carried out. But there's evidence other areas are thinking about breaking up early-teenagers.

Ontario education minister W. J. Dunlop told Maclean's he favored segregation. "I've taught in coeducational classes and in a boys' school. Academically, there's little difference. But in a segregated school there are fewer distractions. I haven't heard much talk about it in Ontario."

In Manitoba, there has been "no serious consideration," although one or two larger schools are breaking up classes. Department of education registrar C. K. Rogers said he too favors segregation because: 1, it lessens dis-

tractions; 2, phys. ed. and health can be taught better; 3, masculine and feminine qualities "which we like to associate with men and women"—can be better developed; 4, there'd be fewer extremes in things like graduation parties.

Few other provinces spotted any strong trend toward segregation, but several admitted it was already being practiced in a few schools with particularly large classrooms.

Rev. Frank Stone of Toronto's Catholic Information Centre told Maclean's "We'd like to see segregation all through high school." Miss J. E. MacNeill, principal of Branksome Hall, a girls' private school, said students can apply their minds more thoroughly when their social life is kept apart.

But in B.C. itself, Mrs. Jean Crowley, Vancouver school board chairman, said "I don't see it." Girls dominate boys? "Mine don't."



A-CAMPING WE WILL GO Outdoor summer ahead

AS COUNTRY COTTAGES grow more citified—electric lights, tiled bathrooms, TV—more and more Canadians are seeking holiday release by really going back to nature. Result: a cross-the-country boom in tents, trailers and camp-goods and near-overflow crowds at hundreds of government-owned campsites.

✓ Sales of tents and sleeping bags have jumped 50% since 1953. One company, Woods Bag and Canvas, expects to sell 50,000 sleeping bags and 7,000 tents this year—15% more than last. Other firms report similar increases in portable stoves, plastic dishes and outdoor kitchen equipment.

✓ Though small auto-trailers designed for holidaying—"caravans"—went on the Canadian market only two years ago, manufacturers expect to sell 2,000 this year. A caravan usually contains sink, propane stove, wardrobe, folding table and four folding beds. Cost for a 13-footer, \$900 up.

✓ Nearly 1,200,000 camper-days were recorded in national parks last year. More than 70,000 camping permits were sold—13,000 more than in '57. A similar increase is expected this year.

✓ Virtually every province reported a record number of campers last year and even more are expected this summer. Witness: B.C., with seven campsites in 1951, will have 80 this year. Camper days were up to 120,000 last year from 75,000 in 1956. Saskatchewan registered 2,693 campers last year, has had "twice as many" enquiries already. Manitoba campsites have more than doubled in five years. Ontario camper-days were up 57%—to 180,000—in 1958 over '57. New Brunswick estimates 145,000 people used its 50 camp and picnic areas last year, forecasts a 25% increase. Newfoundland, where there were no approved facilities last year, will open five campsites this summer.

✓ Ottawa has launched a plan for camps in the Yukon and N.W.T.

who a few years ago wouldn't have known Giuseppe Verdi from Sam Etcheverry.

✓ The Canadian Opera Guild (to be organized this fall) will seek national support through memberships sold coast to coast at \$4 a year.

What's behind the boom?

1) An influx of leading European teachers and directors (Nicholas Goldschmidt, Herman Geiger-Torel, Ernesto Barbini), singers (like Jan Rubes, now probably our most famous basso) and opera-conscious immigrants.

2) Solid support from the Canada Council, which this year will give \$60,000 to the Canadian Opera Company,

and from business and financial leaders. 3) A natural process of the-more-you-see-the-more-you-want: Toronto's traveling Festival Company (now the COC) has already presented 166 performances to 232,000 people.

What's ahead? Says Dr. Arnold Walter, founder of the Royal Conservatory's school (in 1946): "We'll soon have a really national company on the road as regularly as the National Ballet. But opera will always need financial support." Some others, like Nicholas Goldschmidt, the Vancouver festival's artistic director, would rather see several strong local groups than one permanently traveling group.

And watch these names: Maclean's asked teachers and established singers to name young Canadians on their way to international stardom. A few: Barbara Strathdee, Toronto soprano; John Dunbar, Scottish-born baritone; Louis Quilicot, baritone from Montreal; Ukrainian-born Luba Hanushak; Winnipeg's Paul Fredette; Sheila Piercey of Halifax; Donald Bell, of South Burnaby, B.C., already winning fame in Europe.

—CAROL LINDSAY



GEIGER-TOREL



STRATAS



RUBES



SALEMKÁ



DUNBAR



STRATHDEE

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WITH BLAIR FRASER

A BACK-BENCHERS' REVOLT?

Inadequate salaries, slow promotions



Any sensible wife knows that if her husband suddenly begins to complain that the coffee is cold, a new coffee warmer should be the least of her worries. The coffee is the same as it has been for years. What's different, if anything, is either the man who drinks it or the woman who makes it, or both.

This analogy may be a little unfair to the three lonely back-benchers who, to loud but anonymous applause, got up a month ago to say what all back-benchers think—that they are underpaid. Douglas Fisher of the CCF raised the question, suggesting that a fifty percent increase would be about right, a rise of indemnity from \$8,000 to \$12,000 and of tax-free expense allowance from \$2,000 to \$3,000.

Fisher is a schoolteacher who, when he went into politics two years ago, had got to the \$6,000 bracket in his profession. If he had stayed with it, he would be getting \$7,500 or \$8,000 now in his old job. As an MP he gets \$8,000 in salary and \$2,000 in tax-free expenses, amounts that seem on the surface to be a pretty good living. In fact, Doug Fisher says, he is losing \$1,500 a year by staying in politics: he feels morally bound to stick it out for this one parliament, but he says flatly and positively that he won't run again.

Here is the budget that Fisher has drawn up for the hundreds of voters who wrote to him about his speech:

Living in Ottawa away from home costs \$50 a month for a room (very cheap, other MPs say) and at least another \$80 a month for board—for a seven-month session, \$910. Long-distance calls and telegrams that an MP can't avoid cost him another \$575 a year. Travel between Ottawa and his riding mounts up—even taking a lower berth in a tourist car, he can't get home to Port Arthur for less than \$15 each way, and he has to make about twenty-five trips a year of which the government pays for only two. (His "free" railway pass covers rail fare only.) Fisher is not a lavish entertainer, but he figures he spends at least \$25 a month taking constituents to lunch or dinner in the parliamentary restaurant—\$175 a year.

He has a spread-eagled riding in which he has to do a lot of extra driving, which he estimates at an average of a thousand miles a month; at ten cents a mile, that's \$1,200. Charitable donations of various kinds, inescapable for an MP, cost him \$300 a year more than they did when he was teaching school. Office expenses in Port Arthur come to about \$250.

The rest of his parliamentary budget is made up of odds and ends that another MP might not incur, but he makes his point: even for a schoolteacher, who is not one of our more lavishly overpaid citizens, it is no financial break to become a \$10,000-a-year MP.

Other men of modest means confirm his finding. Donald MacInnis, Conservative MP for Cape Breton, is a miner by trade, and any number of western MPs are small farmers. They all have found that the seeming glitter of a \$10,000-a-year income is an illusion—they were better off financially back home.

When Doug Fisher brought this up in the House as a grievance, only two back-benchers had the courage to follow him. They are both Tories and they happen to be room-mates—John Maclean of Winnipeg and Grant Campbell of Cornwall, Ont. Neither man will admit it, but the indications are that they were rapped over the knuckles for their temerity in backing Fisher's heretic plea. This may explain why nobody else rose to support them, although every private member in the House agrees with what they say.

But if mere money would make things right, the government could fix

it without trouble. Everyone, including the three MPs who spoke out, agrees that the government cannot now propose an increase in the annual indemnity, but the same purpose could be served by a quiet relaxation of the limits on the MP's expenses.

John Maclean, for one, would be satisfied if the government would give him half a dozen air tickets to Winnipeg and back, each year; that alone would save him enough money to let him break even. Others suggest, anonymously, that they could bear it if the government would pay a modest sum for their office expenses in the constituency (present allowance: nil) or make some provision for travel on official business.

But all these things are merely symptoms, not the true cause of the back-benchers' malaise. Especially on the government side, the back-bencher suffers not so much from poverty as from a general and total frustration. He feels that he doesn't amount to much in the Ottawa scheme of things, and he is too right.

The plain fact is that under the parliamentary system as it has developed in Canada, there is not enough to occupy a bright and energetic MP. If he wants to, he can use his time studying public

issues or learning the intricacies of government departments—this will do him no actual harm, provided he doesn't make any special use of what he learns. But if he presumes to offer any advice to the minister responsible for a particular matter, the back-bencher becomes instantly and permanently suspect. The more incompetent the minister, the deeper his suspicion is likely to be.

All that the ruling party really wants of the private member is his vote, from time to time. The rest of the time he can go to sleep.

This is a fact well known to anyone sufficiently experienced to be elected to parliament. It is not true, as some politicians say, that the Conservative first-termers were so naive that they thought they were going to be statesmen. Even the greenest of them knew, in a general way, what a back-bencher's life is like. The bright ones went into politics, not because they didn't know that a private MP doesn't have much fun, but because they didn't expect to remain private MPs for long.

At best, some of these have to be disappointed—there are only twenty-two cabinet jobs and maybe sixteen parliamentary secretaries, plus a few committee chairmanships and assorted chores like deputy chairman, to be distributed among more than two hundred hungry Tories. But the Liberals had the same problem, slighter only in degree. They managed to keep their restive members in line by keeping the top levels reasonably fluid. Seldom did an ambitious MP surrender to despair—he could always see a promotion just around the corner.

"After two years, there isn't even the faintest sign of any changes on our side," said one young Conservative member. "We're not given any hope at all."

That's the sort of talk, like the husband complaining about cold coffee, that ought to be giving the government pause.

There are about forty unfilled vacancies at the moment, for jobs that are all respectable and mostly fairly lucrative. They include six senatorships and several embassies. There are also at least ten cabinet posts filled by people less able, less competent, less keen than many of the private members who sit behind them. A reporter can see this with his own eyes, but even if he were blind he would hear it from the disaffected MPs themselves.

Until quite lately, this wasn't so. The glamour of two election victories, the magic of power put the government above criticism, at least from its own supporters in the House. But in recent months this spell has been rather noisily broken. Conservative back-benchers are saying quite openly that if things go on as they are, the party will have to find other candidates in 1962.

Undoubtedly some of the discontent could be assuaged by a better financial deal. Most MPs say Doug Fisher's calculations are absurdly modest—one Toronto Tory figures it costs him between \$5,000 and \$6,000 a year to meet his expenses as a member, not counting the loss of income in his private business.

But the real disenchantment is not financial. It's their status, not their deficit, that is making MPs unhappy. Until the prime minister makes up his mind to appoint some new ministers, as well as a platoon of parliamentary secretaries, he won't be in command of a happy ship. ★



All the ruling party wants is their vote. The rest of the time, they can sleep.

BACKSTAGE

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Enemies? Not in St. John's. There, Red sailors are a hit

THE IMAGE of a typical Russian held by most Canadians is a montage of a Bolshoi or Moiseyev dancer, Dr. Zhivago and a Moscow hockey player. But to many of the citizens of St. John's, Nfld., a Russian is no more strange than a mainland tourist.

Since last summer, St. John's has had six visits from three Russian trawlers and one Russian marine-survey ship, which are doing commercial and experimental fishing



Newfoundlander and guest

nearby and claim to have discovered a new fishing bank off St. John's. (And, claim some U.S. military authorities, are refueling prowling Russian submarines.) Hundreds of St. John's residents have visited aboard and dozens more have entertained crewmen and women at home. A St. John's Scout troop spent an afternoon on the 5,000-ton experimental trawler Lomonosov and 50 Russian scientists spent most of a day at Memorial University of St. John's.

How have they got along? Very well. The Russians, professor-host at Memorial told Maclean's: "They were pleasant and charming. Afterward they sent my little girl a box of colored pencils." The wife of a \$25,000-a-year fisheries executive called her Russian guests among the easiest she's entertained. "One senior scientist put on an apron

and helped butter bread," she said.

A ship's officer told Maclean's the Russians had been "pleasantly surprised by the Newfoundlanders' hospitality."

In St. John's, the dollar-short Russians shop little except to buy a few cameras. They stick to Russian cigarettes and distribute them to guests. As ship-board hosts, they pour Russian champagne, Armenian brandy and, of course, vodka—all generously. Visitors are offered slabs of smoked salmon, grey, unleavened biscuits and gobs of caviar. St. John's children get little chocolate bars, made in Latvia.

Most surprising to the Newfoundlanders is the number of women—mostly cooks and scientists—aboard ship. Sylvia Wigh, St. John's Evening Telegram woman's editor, has visited most of the Russian ships. "The women all want to swap—anything from watches to underwear," she says. "They have just one shade of lipstick—a horrible muddy red. The working women are handsome and charming; the scientists all look like the Bitch of Belsen. They all have wonderful voices and they like to sing after meals."—HAROLD HORWOOD

Backstage WITH CBC STRIKE'S AFTERMATH / Wounds still open

WHEN MONTREAL'S 1,200 striking television employees (Backstage, March 14) ended their high-spirited walkout last March 7, the air was filled with dire predictions that "the CBC will never be the same again." Will it? Three months later, these changes are showing:

✓ André Ouimet, Montreal TV production chief who was the strikers' main management target, is holding down a desk in suburban Snowdon. His new title: technical director.

✓ Striking goats have adopted a series of symbols to set themselves apart from the non-striking sheep. The first was a scissoring motion of two fingers that even showed up on the air, to the bewilderment of uninitiated spectators. The second was a rash of tin lapel badges blazoned "Dec. 29," the day the strikers walked out. Now insiders are waiting for new buttons, carrying

a black 29 on a gold ground, designed by caricaturist-comedian Normand Hudon. Producers' wives, meanwhile, are proudly displaying the diplomas their admirers presented to them at a back-to-broadcasting party: ornate scrolls topped by the punning, dog-Latin legend "Resistendum Usque Cotonem" (freely, "You're dead-beat but you beat them.")

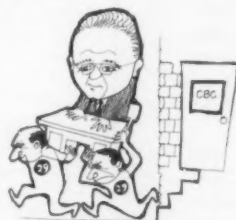
✓ A half-hour film of strike highlights, titled "74" after the number of producers who called the original strike, will start the rounds of Canadian and Catholic Congress of Labor Union halls late this month. First showing: to CBC unionists in Toronto.

✓ At least one of the groups that refused to cross the picket lines, Jean Duceppe's Union des Artistes, is cutting its ties with its former national parent body, the Canadian Council of Authors and Artists.

Meanwhile, the producers' de-

mands, still unmet, have gone to arbitration. Prof. H. D. Woods of McGill must decide whether: 1. Montreal producers, at an average salary of \$7,500 a year, will get the \$1,500 across-the-board raise they want to bring them level with Toronto producers; 2. their work week will be cut from six to five days; 3. their union will collect all fees from producers whether they take out membership cards or not.

—KEN LEFOLLI



OUTMET: To the suburbs

Backstage

WITH PUZZLED MDs

The questions doctors ask



PATTERSON & PUPILS

EVER SINCE HIPPOCRATES—and probably before—patients and worried relatives have regarded the family doctor as omnipotent. About many routine diseases, of course, he is. But as modern research every year pinpoints hundreds of new diseases and suggests new treatments for hundreds of known ones, today's GP is often as puzzled as a pre-Med freshman.

Finding answers to doctors' riddles has become a flourishing profession. This month, first time in Canada, 400 of the world's 2,000 medical librarians will gather in Toronto. They'll discuss techniques of keeping up with the reams of data in today's 6,000 medical periodicals, indexing tons of hard-cover volumes and sniffing out solutions to medical detective stories.

Host for the convention is Toronto's Academy of Medicine, among the busiest medical libraries in the world. There, slim, red-headed Marian Patterson is custodian of 42,000 books. A key part of Miss Patterson's job is answering such requests as:

"Please collect everything you have on the aging mind."

"Please rush figures on longevity of adults in the Orkney Islands and all available material on the Australian wolf boy."

"Please send all literature on how to organize a large general hospital to deal with a major civilian disaster."

"Please send me an old book of long prescriptions using such ingredients as bismuth subcarb. I'm writing an article."

Though some medical writers are allowed to use the library, it is primarily for the Academy's 2,200 doctor-members. Last month Miss Patterson worked till past midnight four nights in a row, tracking down source material for a doctor who had quoted dozens of interesting case histories in a book manuscript but couldn't remember where he'd got them.

The forward march of medical knowledge is changing doctors' questions—and the character of the literature that answers them. A U.S. journal on venereal diseases has stopped publication; better drugs have beaten VD. Papers on diabetes used to discuss its cause and treatment; now they're confined to drug-effects. Articles on TB are largely passé.

Most common subjects in today's medical literature include: lung cancer, heart surgery, tranquilizers, the use of cortisone and ACTH in treating arthritis, hospital staphylococci and the effects of the jet age on medicine.

But the exciting discoveries of modern medicine are not Miss Patterson's only charge. One floor up is the Academy's museum. On display: blood-letting instruments, a midwifery basin, Osler's desk and an infant-feeding device dating 400 BC—about 60 years after the birth of Hippocrates. —DOROTHY SANGSTER

Background

PEARSON'S POINT

The June 5 publication date of Lester B. Pearson's second book, *Diplomacy in the Nuclear Age*, wasn't chosen by chance alone. Still our best-known world figure, Pearson and his publishers (Saunders of Toronto) deliberately aimed at prefacing the summit meeting on Berlin. Pearson's main point: professional diplomats often have a better chance of solving world problems around a conference table than do political leaders. "The Geneva (foreign ministers') meeting proved that when conferences of states are required, professionals must lay the groundwork," Pearson told Maclean's.

THE END OF ESSO'S COMMA

By formalities as complex as a board of directors' motion and shareholders' open vote, Imperial Oil Ltd., last month changed its name to Imperial Oil Company. How come? One land registrar in Alberta had complained that the company had titles in both forms. He wanted to know which was correct. Esso, informally using the no-comma form since 1919 (before that it was Imperial Oil Company, Ltd.), made up its mind.

THE BEAR FACTS

Is the black bear doomed to extinction? Some nature-lovers were worried when Timmins, Ont., began to organize shoots to kill 300 for busbies for Buckingham Palace

guards. They needn't have. Nearly 2,000 bears are shot for bounty in Ontario every year anyway. Lands and Forests officials would like to see more done away with. The bear population is increasing. Once thought wiped out in the south, bears have been seen recently as far down as Lake Erie.

ENTERPRISING DESIGNERS

Pessimists thought the death of the Arrow would spell curtains for Canadian industrial designing. Did it? Hardly. Since the government canceled its Avro contract, other Canadian firms have unveiled among other devices: all-aluminum auto transports and an all-aluminum refrigerated railway-car; a backlash-proof fishing reel; a reinforced 1½-

ton-capacity plastic wheel for tracked vehicles; and an automatic machine tool control (by 8-channel teletype) with the revolutionary accuracy of .00025 in.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION

Though Eskimos picked up most of the white man's evils—from TB to money-madness—years ago, at least they'd always retained a freedom and easiness about marriage. No longer. The Northwest Territorial Court has granted its first two divorce decrees for Eskimos. Before civilization, a young couple were matched by their parents in early life. They started living together when the man could support a wife, were free to break up if they found they didn't get along.

Editorial

The most alarming thing about strontium 90— the cabinet is not alarmed

AMONG MANY ALARMING THINGS in the latest report on radioactive strontium 90 in Canadian milk, the most alarming of all was a statement by J. W. Monteith, minister of national health, when he tabled the report in parliament.

"Our findings," said Mr. Monteith, "indicate no basis for alarm."

Here are some of the findings that the minister believed to be so reassuring:

1. The amount of strontium 90 found in the bone structure of the average Canadian adult has more than tripled in the last four years.

2. About two and a half times as much of this bone-destroying poison occurs in Canadian milk today as occurred two years ago.

3. Since 1955 the level of strontium 90 in Canadian milk has risen steadily. Plotted on a graph the rise appears as a straight line which, if projected, would reach in about fifteen years the "maximum permissible level" set by the International Commission on Radiological Protection.

4. That "permissible maximum" was set four years ago, when the increase in strontium 90 levels had barely begun. The commission is now recommending a new maximum which, says the report, will probably "suggest a smaller factor for this purpose." Translated out of officialese, this means that strontium 90 is even more poisonous than scientists formerly believed, and so they are revising their safety levels downward.

The fact is that nobody knows how dangerous it is. Strontium 90 does not occur in nature. It is a man-made product of nuclear fission—one of the hornets that were let out of Pandora's Box when the first atomic bomb was tested in 1945. No one, however wise or learned, has had any opportunity to study the effect of strontium 90 for longer than fourteen years.

As late as the middle Twenties, a quarter century after Madame Curie and her husband discovered radium, doctors were still prescribing radioactive medicines to be taken by mouth for gout, arthritis and various other diseases. A year after nine people had died from the effect of their work in painting luminous dials, one doctor reported that "an industrial hazard does not exist" in this occupation. Many more had to die of radiation injury, including the codiscoverer Marie Curie herself, before the deadliness of this new menace began to be fully understood.

The report on strontium 90 was tabled just four days after Prime Minister Diefenbaker had made a brief report to the House on another threat to Canadian interests—the refusal of United States customs authorities to allow passage in bond of a truckload of shrimps from Red China. It appeared, from the tone of the questions and answers, that all parties regard this as a pretty serious infringement by Uncle Sam on Canada's rights and privileges.

Without disputing the obvious gravity of the Communist shrimp issue, we suggest that the health of our unborn children is even more important. And we'd be less alarmed if Canada's ministers could manage to find some "basis for alarm" in the obvious fact that the continued testing of nuclear weapons is poisoning the whole human race.

Mailbag

- ✓ Maclean's Quebec issue as a school text book?
- ✓ Have we invented a new flag?
- ✓ The "distorted daubs" of Dallaire and Bellefleur

SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS and cordial thanks for your beautiful issue on Quebec (May 9). If ever understanding and union between the two racial elements of our country are realized, we shall owe Maclean's a very great share of the credit. — REV. JOSEPH A. TURCOTTE, OMI, FORT SMITH, N.W.T.

... should be republished between hard covers and put on book stands across the country. I am sure it would be a great help to students in high schools and universities. — MARCEL SCHNOBB, HULL, QUE.

Your opulent and very successful "new look at the French Canadian" exhibits an insight for which you should be warmly congratulated. It is a coura-



The editors (as seen by Feyer) take a bow

geous gesture. Discovering that the French Canadians have a normal way of life and that they can have their good points has never made popular copy. — LUCIEN PICHÉ, UNIVERSITÉ DE MONTRÉAL.

If even a few of the many who think of the French Canadians as miles removed from us can realize how unimportant are the things that separate us, it will have been more than worthwhile to have turned out this very beautiful issue. — MRS. E. ANNE RYAN, ONT.

... superb. — DOUGLAS H. MACKAY, TORONTO.

Interesting reading... but somewhat one-sided and inclined to convey a wrong impression to outsiders, as so very little has been said about the "minority" in this province. No wonder Americans are concerned about being understood if they speak English in Quebec. — M. PARR, LACHINE, QUE.

Bravo; et mes plus sincères félicitations. — GERARD P. VACHON, OTTAWA.

While I greatly enjoyed the articles by Hutchison, Creighton, MacLennan, Fraser, et al, I was dismayed at the absence of an article by Mason Wade. A contribution by Wade, whose Herculean literary effort, *The French Canadians*, ranks him as a brilliant authority on French Canada, should have been a "must." — BRIAN MULRONEY, ST. FRANCIS XAVIER UNIVERSITY, ANTIGONISH, N.S.

Bruce Hutchison is doing a wonderful job in getting us to appreciate Canada in all its aspects. — REEVE MARY FIX, TORONTO TOWNSHIP, ONT.

Bax in Quebec

Beverly Baxter's little essay on French Canada was eloquent but he should

have quit while he was ahead. In the last paragraph he took a stab at a sentence in French (*Vive Canada*) — and fluffed it. — ROBERT MARJORIBANKS, TORONTO.

Vive le Baxter.

Not the first

I do not think it is correct to say that the French Canadians who sailed on the Ocean King on Sept. 14, 1884, for Alexandria, were the first ones who "voluntarily left home to take part in an overseas war." (Canadianecdot May 9). Some fifteen years earlier a contingent of French-Canadian volunteers took part in a European war. The men, known as Papal Zouaves, went to the defense of the beleaguered Pius IX in his struggle for temporal power of the papacy. — WALTER ULLMANN, UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Oh say, could you see...?

Your cover suggests a magnificent Canadian flag: gold and blue, without any other sign. Gold... for faith in God, richness of subsoil, mines, greatness of Canada, the sun shining almost 24 hours a day on our country. Blue... for French origin, English blue blood, happy marriage of French and English culture, Canadian contribution to the United Nations, new skies for immigrants. — GERARD LANGLOIS, QUEBEC CITY.

Those brilliant "daubs"

I cannot understand why painters do such smearing and distorted daubs as shown by Jean Dallaire and Leon Bellefleur in your album, *Eight Artists*



Paint Their Quebec. Terrible trash! — MRS. LAWRENCE THOMPSON, SPRINGFIELD, N.B.

I wish I knew the name of the person responsible for the excellent selection of paintings, from the Dream of Alfred Pellan to the nostalgic view of Robert Pilot's Rue des Jardins without leaving out the gigantic treatment of Jacques de Tonnancour's landscape. — PIERRE EDOUARD CHASSE, OTTAWA.

Gene Aliman, our art director.

Eulogy for the Elegy

I should like to say how much I enjoyed Hugh MacLennan's article on the St. Lawrence. But I must take issue with him when he refers to Gray's Elegy as a minor poem. I was brought up to consider it one of the finest in the English language. — D. MORGAN, VANCOUVER. ★



TREPHING IN ANCIENT PERU—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings, "A History of Medicine in Pictures," commissioned by Parke-Davis.

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Surgical opening of the skull (trephining) was common among certain Peruvian peoples about 2000 years ago. Equipped with knives of glass-hard obsidian and well-honed bronze, and with locally-grown cotton and woven bandages for dressings, Peruvian practitioners probably were further aided by crude anesthetics made from native plants. Nearly 100 years ago, Parke-Davis explorers were investigating the medicinal plants in South America that have yielded anesthetics,

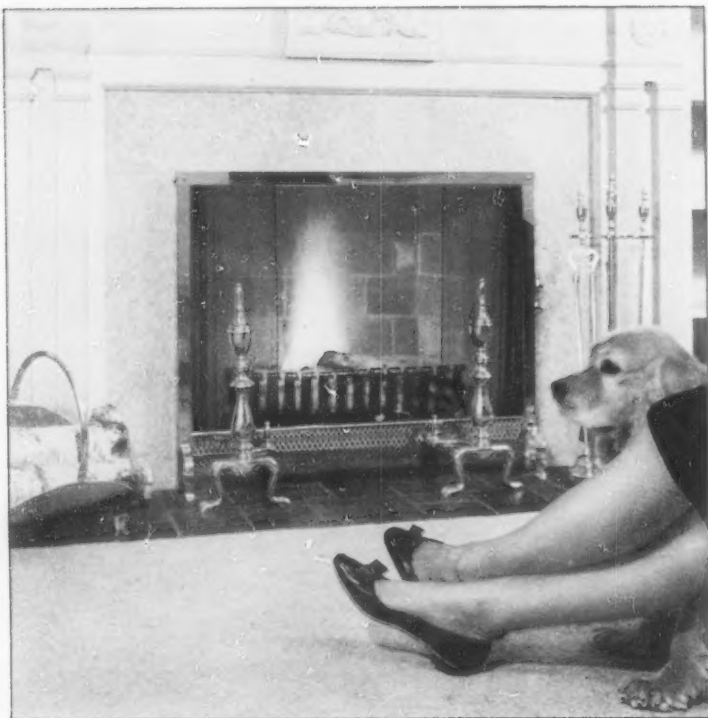
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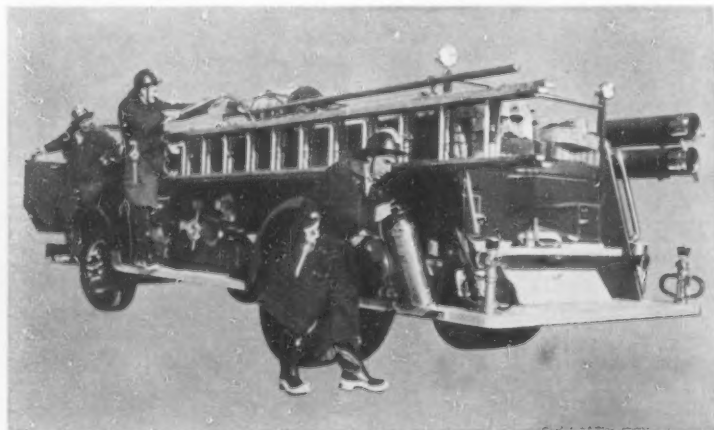
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A MACLEAN'S ALBUM

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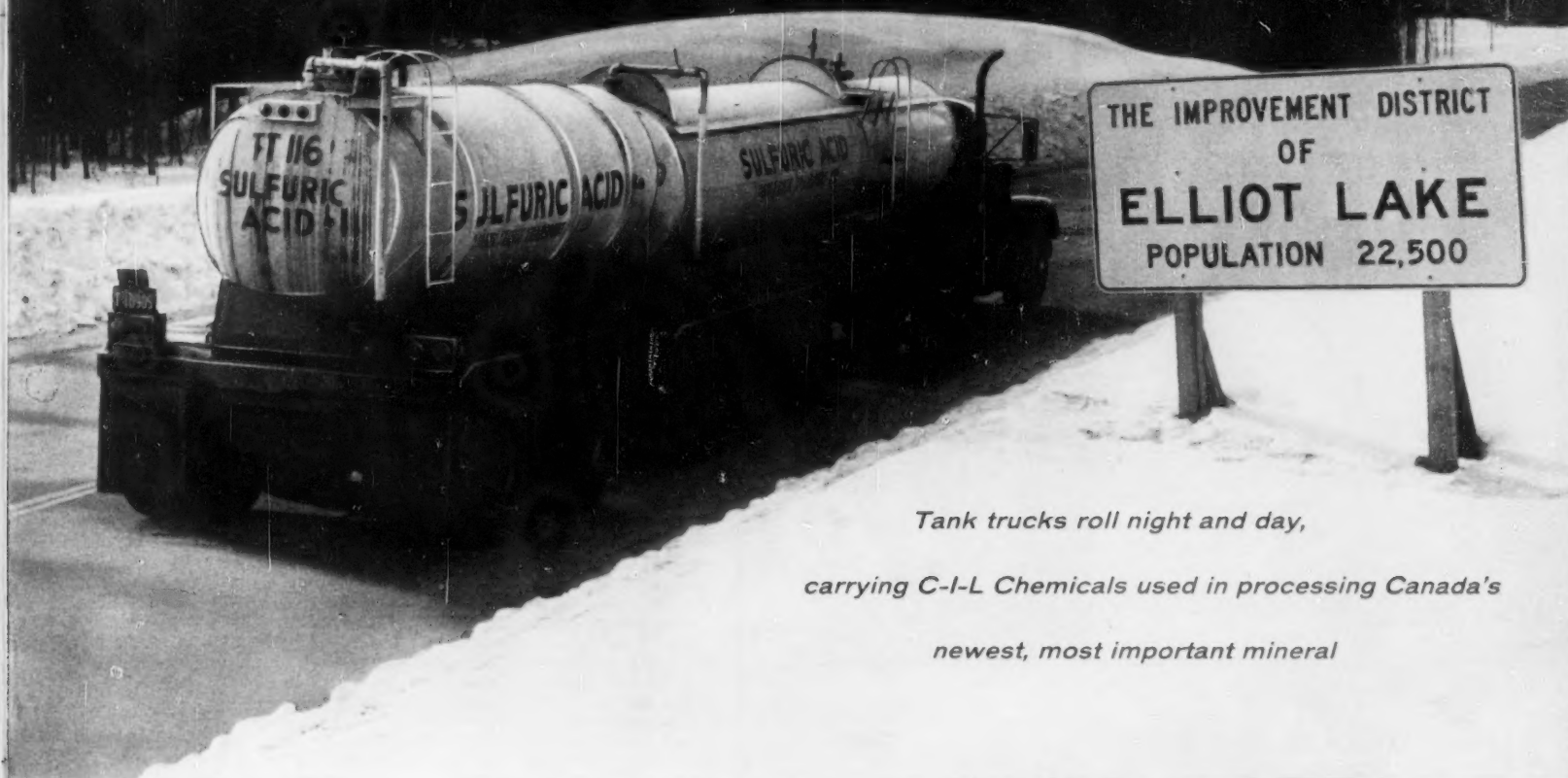


How does an artist happen to find a schoolyard scene that's just right for a prairie spring cover? Answer: he didn't. Rex Woods found the school at Peesane, Sask., and the gardening girls at Humboldt, fifty miles away. And the boy? "I made him up," Woods confesses.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNE 6, 1959

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For the sake of argument



FARLEY MOWAT SAYS

Let's apply for admission as the 51st state

Last summer I wrote an article for Maclean's in which I suggested that we ought to close the border between Canada and the U.S.A. in an attempt to prevent total engulfment by our large neighbor. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but what I failed to realize was that it was the wrong time; that this was 1958, not 1812.

During the past year I have been forced to recognize the fallacy of my ideas and now I wish to make a public retraction.

Somebody—I think it must have been a member of either the Republican or the Democratic party—once said: "Effen yuh can't lick 'em, jine 'em!" He was no doubt referring to some trivial local problem, but the aphorism has its place in international politics, and I am afraid it is all too applicable to Canada's relation to the United States. In short, I now conclude that the only solution to our troubles with the Americans is to jine 'em; from which it follows that I no longer believe we can lick 'em.

We'd be fighting ourselves

Unpalatable as it may be to some, the truth is that we can't *hope* to lick them, even under the doughty leadership of Joey Smallwood; a fact that should be obvious to everyone except Newfoundlanders and a few other unreconstructed people scattered thinly across the land. It is impossible for us to surmount the prime difficulty that, in order to do battle in any sphere with the United States, we would in effect have to do battle with ourselves since in almost every important social, intellectual and economic aspect we have already become pseudo-Americans.

Consider the economic situation. About 70 percent of our economy is directly or indirectly under American control and the remain-

ing 30 percent probably would be too if the Americans thought it was worth taking over. Thus we cannot even use economics as a weapon to stave off what seems to be inevitable absorption by the United States. Imagine what would happen if, in defense of our sovereignty, we ordered the Aluminium Company of Canada to instruct its "associated" plants in the United States to halt all shipments to foreign countries that we don't like; or if we ordered Ford of Canada to instruct Ford of Detroit to cease selling cars to Chiang Kai-shek. Not that it wouldn't be fun to try it, of course.

The realities of our economic servitude seem to escape most Canadians. There are even some patriots who are so unrealistic as to suggest that, when the Americans place import bans on Canadian products (they are no doubt thinking of the current oil quotas), we should and could retaliate by increasing restrictions against U.S. imports into Canada.

Since we import roughly twice as much as they import from us, the inevitable result of such bravado would be to force us to revert to moose-hide breechelouts, birch-bark bungalows and a diet of pemmican and maple syrup.

As far as the oil import business is concerned, retaliation on our part is needless anyway. It isn't Canadian oil that has been placed under quota—it is United States oil. Eighty percent of the Canadian oil industry is owned by the Americans. If they want to cut off their noses to spite their own oil derricks, then I say we should let them go to it.

Probably the only way in which we could hope to regain any degree of economic freedom would be by following the Mexican example and seizing and nationalizing American-owned enterprises in Canada. Apart from the fact that our mili- **continued on page 64**

FARLEY MOWAT IS A FREELANCE WRITER LIVING IN PALGRAVE, ONT.



IN THIS MOMENT

IT SEEMED, now, that everything in the past had been a preparation for this moment. How swift the passing of the years, how warm the memories . . . her childish footsteps on the stairs to this room, the whisper of some secret confidence, her quick tears and quicker laughter . . . and his deep pride as she grew in grace and understanding.

For her, for her mother, there would be continuing expression of his devotion and care, with the help of those

who had served him so well down through the years. The Royal Trust had arranged his purchase of this home, managed his investments, and put his wishes into a plan that would protect the *comfort* and *security* of his family.

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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Must Macmillan's heir be a married man?

Once a year it is the habit of the Conservative members of parliament to give a complimentary luncheon at the Savoy Hotel to their leader. For some reason the Tory peers are not included in the goodly company but the MPs are there in force.

There is only one speech at the function and that is by the party leader. And since the Tories happen to be in power just now the party leader is also the prime minister. It seemed to many of us that Macmillan, despite his vaulting spirit, is feeling the strain.

Today the aeroplane has added immensely to the task of premiership, especially in Britain. Gone are the days when a prime minister from Westminster enjoyed the respite of an ocean voyage en route to discuss Imperial affairs with the prime ministers of the Commonwealth, or world problems with the president of the United States. There is no time today for the mind or the body to acclimatize itself to the change of the hours.

Therefore it is fairly certain that Harold Macmillan, as he prepares for the coming general election, divides his thoughts between the approaching campaign and his ultimate retirement. I do not mean by those words to suggest that he anticipates defeat at the polls. In fact a Tory victory is as certain as any

pre-election prophecy can be.

Such is the lure of public life that there will be no trouble in finding members of the Conservative Party ready and eager to take up the burden of supreme office. But on whom will the mantle fall when Macmillan eventually retires?

It may seem a strange diversion from my thesis but I am convinced that the appointment of Macmillan's successor to the leadership of the Conservative Party will be determined either by the woman in the case or the lack of a woman in the case. Admittedly this needs elucidation and, therefore, let us now take a look at the available talent for the succession to Macmillan and appraise the feminine factor.

At the moment the favorite in the succession stakes is the Right Honorable Edward Richard George Heath, chief government whip, an Oxford graduate, master gunner within the Tower of London, and a privy counselor. Now it may seem odd that Ted Heath is being touted as the Tory party's man of destiny because a chief whip never makes a full speech in the chamber. But there is an answer for that. As an undergraduate Heath was president of the Oxford Union, which is nearly always a guarantee of future **continued on page 62**



The woman in the case: Baxter believes Labor Minister Macleod's personable wife tips the balance in his favor, over his wifeless competitors.



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At a picnic ground near Galt, Ont., youngsters swarm over an aging convertible. "Going places in a car is now more glamorous than being a football star."

Is "car craziness" a menace to our teenagers?

A third of a million Canadian youngsters are driving and hundreds more are learning every day.

How is the auto affecting their health, their school grades, their morals?

Here's what parents, teachers, police and community leaders say about this controversial question

A NATIONAL REPORT **BY ERIC HUTTON**

Never has there been such a mass love affair as the current infatuation of the male teenager for the automobile.

Recently several Canadian teenagers were asked: "What do you and your friends discuss most?" Cars topped all other subjects. Girls were second by several lengths.

"Girl-talk is good for about twenty minutes," explained one seventeen-year-old. "But we never run out of car-talk." Sports placed third. The boss and the job, or the teacher and schoolwork, came fourth.

"A rather fantastic proportion" of oral classroom sessions — in which students chose their own topics — concerns automobiles, says a

teacher at the Alderwood, Ont., collegiate. "Even when they start with another subject they manage to get around to cars," she added, "and it's hard to stop them for anything so dull as English or maths."

A best seller among the hundreds of scripts offered for school dramatic productions by Samuel French Ltd., publishers, is *A Young Man's Fancy*, a play about the tribulations of teenagers in getting their parents' cars for dates. It now tops such solid old favorites as *Charley's Aunt* and *Getting Gertie's Garter*.

Grownups recognize, in an offhand sort of way, that "kids are crazy about cars." They know, from what's happening in their own fam-

ilies, from encounters in traffic, from glimpsing car-cluttered streets around some schools that a large number of youngsters own cars or use the family sedan regularly.

An estimated 350,000 Canadian teenagers are licensed to drive. Three out of four of them are boys, but boys dominate the picture even more than that ratio would indicate. Girls drive mostly with their parents along; only a few own a car or drive to school or get the family car for dates.

Most parents worry to some extent when their offspring are out in cars. Understandably, they worry about damage or injury to car and contents — dented **continued on next page**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SEBERT

What does a car give them? Prestige, popularity, a sense of power—and, say



Nearly all these cars at Etobicoke (Ont.) High School belong to students. A Winnipeg principal says driving will lower even a good student's marks.

IS "CAR CRAZINESS" A MENACE TO OUR TEENAGERS? *continued*

fenders, broken bones, fatal smashups. They worry, too, about what unchaperoned boys and girls may be up to. But the motoring teenager has become much more than a family problem.

In the past few years as youth-at-the-wheel has become a major phenomenon of Canadian life, a lot of other people have become concerned about much wider implications they attach to the apparently simple act of a teenage boy driving a car.

Police view with alarm the truly gaudy record of teenagers as traffic hazards and accident causers. They also fear that the almost inevitable encounters with law-enforcement officers may tend to make teenagers, at that impressionable age, regard police as their natural enemies.

Many teachers regard teenagers' preoccupation with cars as a menace to their education.

Sports officials, physical-fitness authorities and doctors deplore the influence of the automobile on teenagers' agility and even their health.

Psychologists paint the gloomiest picture of all. Some of them warn that the teenager's car, as the chief symbol of soft living, may debase him mentally, physically, spiritually and morally to the point where, like the enervating public baths of ancient Rome,

it leads to the decline and fall of the nation.

Whatever the car is doing to or for the teenager, one thing is certain: it's doing it at a greatly accelerated pace. Canada's bumper crop of wartime and postwar baby boys are now reaching the licensable age at the record rate of one hundred and fifty thousand a year. At the same time, car-owning families are increasing at the rate of ninety thousand a year, and now number 2,200,000. Every year twenty thousand more Canadian families acquire a second car—and that's one of the two most usual ways for a teenager to get regular use of a car. The other is outright ownership, which adds up to another 100,000 cars.

When Canadian High News, a national student publication, asked teenage boys across Canada, "Can you drive a car?" three out of four of those old enough to be eligible for a driving license answered "yes" and ninety-six percent of the rest expected to be driving within three years.

Amid much controversy over teenage driving, the one group that remains serene, if embattled, is the teenagers themselves. "We like cars," is the nutshell of their defense.

They can understand and even applaud two of their number who recently made gestures of defiance against adult disapproval:

the Stratford, Ont., youth who quit school when police tagged his car on the street repeatedly and his application for parking space in the school grounds was turned down; and sixteen-year-old Richard MacInnes, of Ajax, Ont., who was informed that he must no longer drive his twenty-five-dollar car and that police were on their way to confiscate it. Richard took a sledge hammer to his beloved jalopy and mournfully reduced it to scrap.

Here are the major aspects of teenage driving, as seen by people who are studying the phenomenon—or who have had it thrust upon their attention:

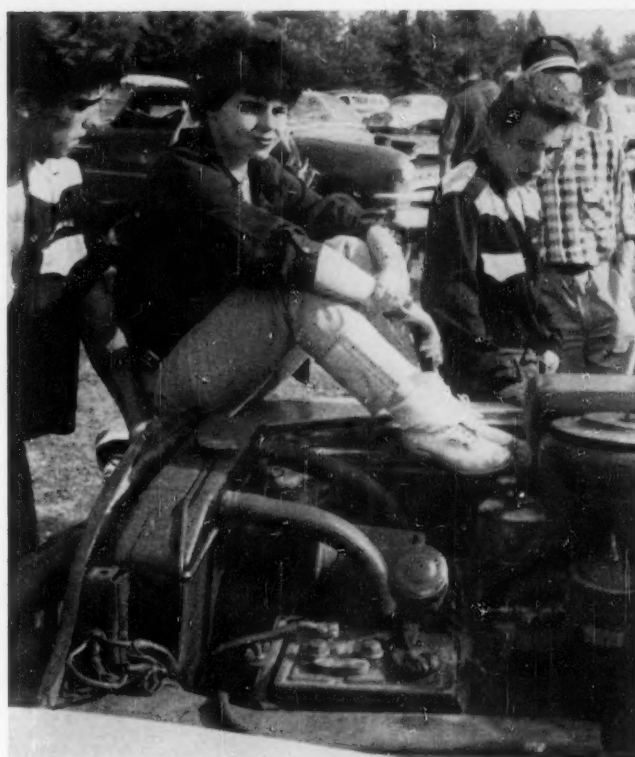
Accident record: The fact that teenage drivers are poor accident risks is widely known, mostly because of the premiums charged by automobile-insurance companies. Most don't want to insure teenagers at any price. But provincial governments say in effect, "If we see fit to license a person, you must insure him if he applies."

So the insurance companies take refuge in an "assigned risk" plan which charges high premiums and pools the risk among all the companies. In the eyes of insurance men most teenagers, even those with accident-free records, belong in the same category as adults convicted of impaired driving, or with

nd, say educators, poor grades



The teenager who owns his car is "a man of prestige," but males up to 25 pay the heaviest insurance rates because they are the road's worst risks.



The hunger for a car — any car — "is putting our youth in a cast of inactivity."

bad accident records or major disabilities.

"In fact," said one insurance executive, "a man who has lost his left leg and drives a car with automatic transmission pays a smaller premium than a teenager who has never had an accident. That's how bad a risk we consider them."

Teenagers who escape the "assigned risk" penalty are usually those whose family background is known to the underwriter to be dependable. The decision is up to the insurance company.

After what insurance companies call "a bad loss year" under-age drivers find it harder than ever to stay out of the assigned-risk category. Last year in British Columbia nearly four thousand of them were placed in this class, double the number of the year before and close to three times the number in 1956. "When the accident figures go up the companies try to weed out poor risks in order to stay solvent," explained Ken Malt-house, manager of B. C.'s assigned-risk plan.

The dollars-and-cents story is even more graphic. In Toronto the minimum public-liability policy (twenty thousand dollars for injury claims in one accident, five thousand dollars for property damage) costs an adult accident-free driver thirty-two dollars a year. If his young son also drives the car, the premium is fifty- continued on page 58

Tinkering with a sports car delights these Ryerson Institute students. But, says an expert, "most teenagers don't care about what goes on under the hood."



ROLOFF BENY

An artist comes home



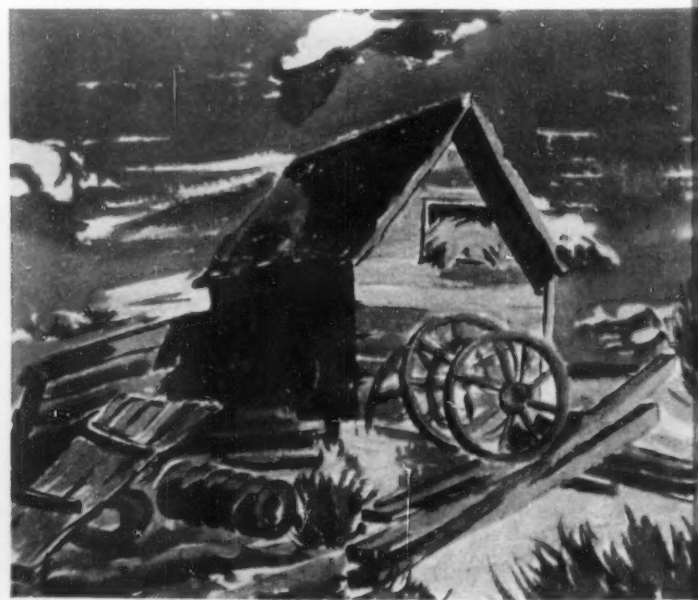
In 1943 Beny painted this windswept "Prairie" with its twin symbols of grain elevators and wheat. The elevators have remained a constant element in his work. This canvas is owned by Canadian Press chief Gillis Purcell.

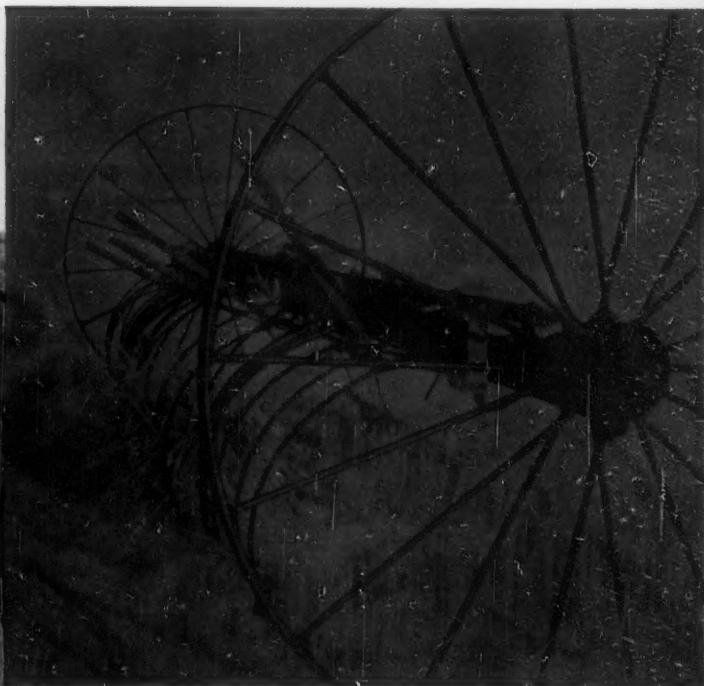
Leaving the "austere lonely prairie" at seventeen, Roloff Beny won international acclaim as a painter and photographer. Recently he paid a visit back home. In this album of contrasting early paintings and contemporary photographs, a distinguished artist depicts the land he can't quite forget



At seven Beny painted a picnic ground on the South Saskatchewan at Medicine Hat. "It was like the Lido in Venice or the French Riviera," he recalls. But he can't stand poplars now — "a depression tree."

"Windswept Corner," his father's favorite, now hangs in an auto showroom in Lethbridge. Painted when he was twelve, this is "much more me," Beny says. Work includes broken machines, a pet subject.





In 1959 Beny works with his camera on the winter prairie outside Wilson, Alta. Favorite camera subjects are abandoned machinery (above right), "the sculpture of the machine age," and linear patterns of the Prairie landscape (right).

BY JOHN
GRAY

Eighteen years ago a young Medicine Hat man named Wilfred Beny left home. His primary aim was an education at the University of Toronto. But in reality he was in flight from the prairie on which he had been born and which he had already begun to use in his painting.

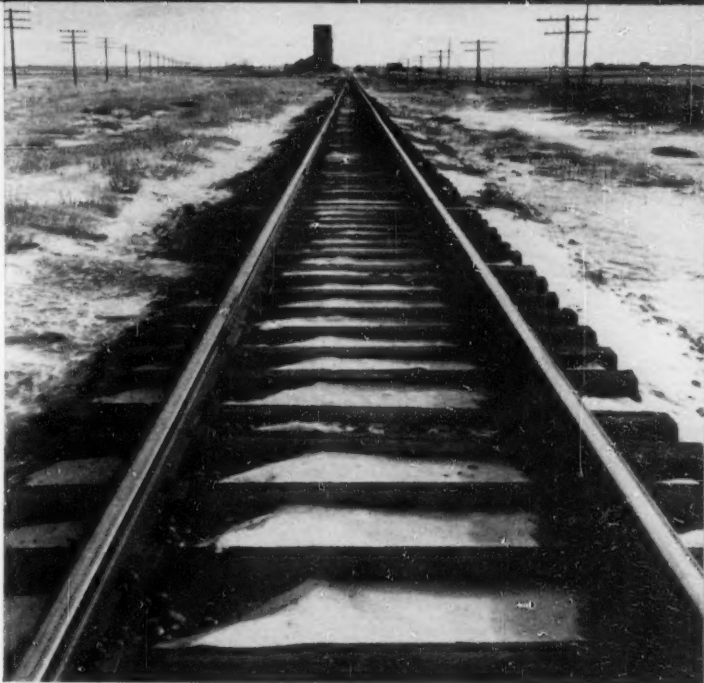
Recently as Roloff Beny, now thirty-five and one of Canada's most successful painters, he went back to have a look at the long vistas and the "cleanness" of the west—that west at the base of all his painting, deeply ingrained in the way he sees things.

But looking at it across a stiff February wind, Beny was perfectly sure he never wanted to return for good. "I feel strongly about having been born on a flat, bleak, austere, baldheaded prairie," he says. "But I was lonely there and I longed to leave it."

And leave it he did. After graduating from Toronto he studied in Iowa, and soon after that was in Europe, soaking up the ancient past that so intrigues him. Soon he was making his home in New York and in Paris, and today he considers Rome his permanent base.

The paintings he did are favorites in Alberta. Even his father, who has never really approved of his son's career as a painter, has examples hanging in his automobile showroom in Lethbridge.

The son remembers with affection the spot on the river outside Medicine Hat where they had picnics when he was a boy, trips to his grandfather's farm in Irvine, the cottage he helped build in Waterton Park. He likes to visit his parents, or spend a weekend at Waterton as he did on this trip home. But today he is a visitor. And he prefers it that way.



"I don't feel I'm an authority on things Canadian any more," he says. "I've been away too long."

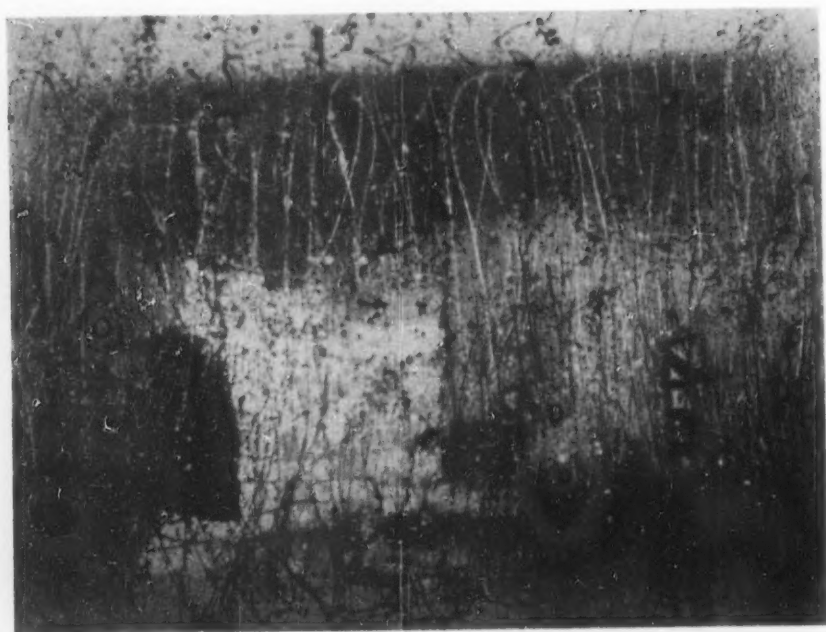
The youthful Beny used to like to turn a soulful eye on a reporter and announce that he expected to burn himself out by the time he was thirty. This unhappy conflagration has not taken place, but time has made some inroads. The west of the depression has been replaced by the west of prosperity, and the relatively wide-eyed, innocent Beny

CONTINUED ON NEXT TWO PAGES



Grain elevators at Cardston, Alberta, epitomize for Beny the stock prairie symbol of feast and famine.

"The prairies forced me to be myself," says Beny. "It



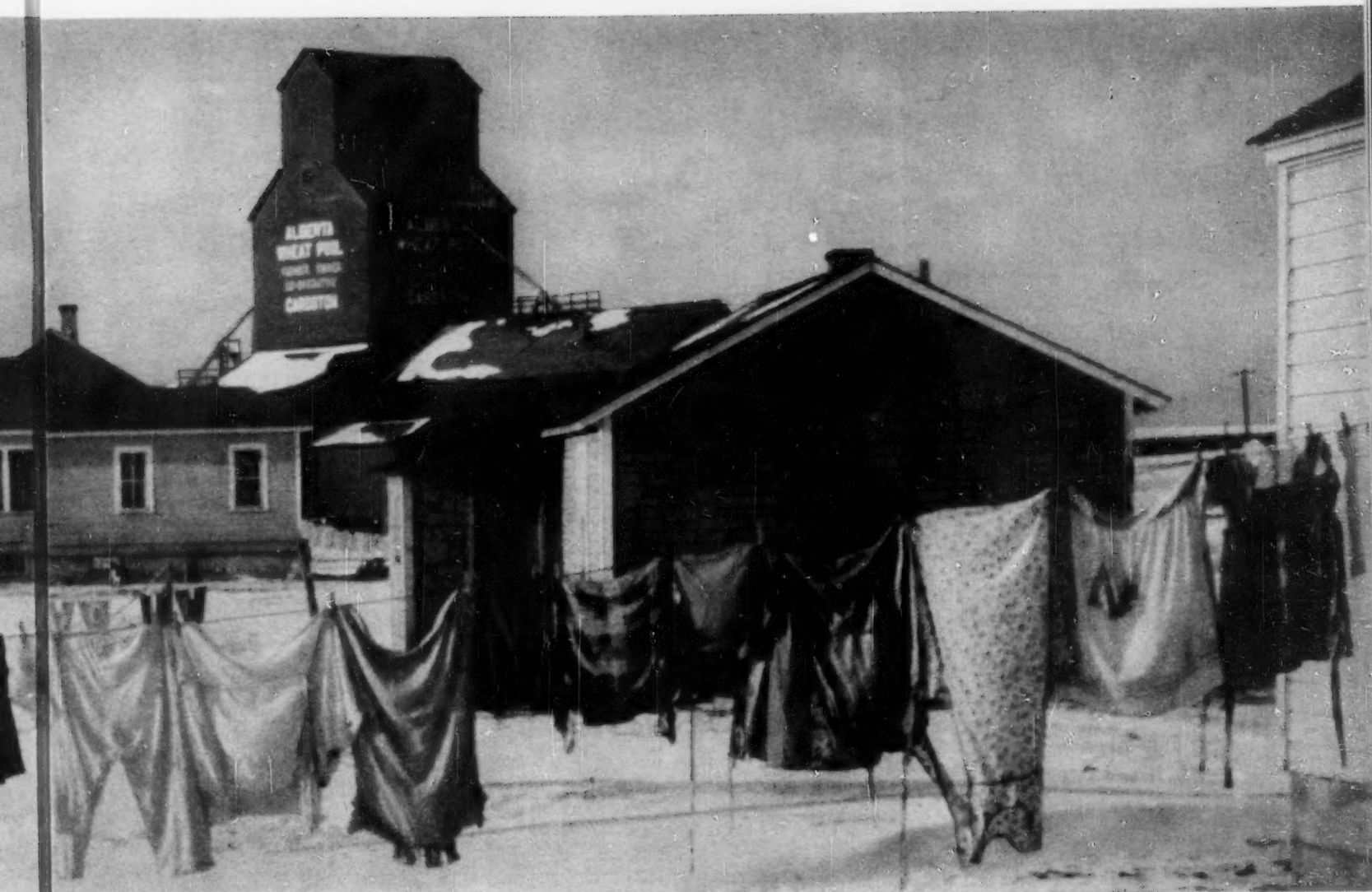
"A Time to Break Down" (1954) is one of a group of 12 paintings based on quotations from the book of Ecclesiastes. Beny introduced into this work "symbolic architecture" based on grain elevators.

ROLOFF BENY *continued*

who might have burned himself out has been replaced by a successful, experienced young man, only a little the worse for wear. "He looks rather like a world-weary choir boy," noted Toronto Telegram writer Nancy Phillips in an apt, if somewhat unkind, description.

Beny has always had his champions ("genius, not mere talent") and his detractors ("a turgid pursuit of the ultra-modern"). When Montreal art critic Robert Ayre sat down to do an article on Canadian painting for the recently published book, *The Arts in Canada*, Beny was sufficiently in his mind that he wrote: "Let us start with Roloff Beny, not because his name comes at the beginning of the alphabet, but because he has traveled so far, and because his journey is symbolic of the journey of Canadian painting itself in the quarter of a century since the Group of Seven disbanded." This prompted Toronto art critic Robert Fulford to remark, in print: "No! Let's not start with Roloff Beny. He is an artificial, eclectic and consistently dull artist, a much better photographer (literally) than a painter."

Beny manages to take this sort of thing in his stride. Fulford's remark about the photography concerned the fact that for the past two or three years Beny has neglected his painting to produce



Beny. *"It was a struggle; I always felt like a pioneer"*

his latest success, an enormous book of photographs called *The Thrones of Earth and Heaven*. This look at ancient ruins in countries around the Mediterranean Sea as seen through Beny's talented and selective camera eye has been widely praised and is selling well, having gone through two British, two American, a French and three German editions in its first six months. About fifty thousand copies have been sold, a respectable number for a book that, in Canada (Longmans, Green), costs a purchaser twenty dollars.

Such success is no novelty to Roloff Beny. He tasted that elixir early and ever since has encouraged and nourished it. Today he maintains apartments in Rome and New York, changes his car, a German Opel, every year (white for 1959), makes astute investments in art and real estate, and is laying plans to publish more books of photographs—one that will extend his tour of the ruins further into the Middle East, and one long-term project that will involve Canada.

Somehow Beny's success seems very much in keeping with the solid middle-class Alberta atmosphere in which he grew up. Grandfather Charles Beny settled in Medicine Hat in 1903, and later entered the motorcar business. Father Charles Jr. has spent his life selling General Motors products in southern Alberta, and today has a GM agency in Lethbridge, while brother Charles III has the

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES



"The Soil," painted in 1943, shows a brooding giant resting on broken farm machinery. "It is a most romantic sort of adolescent painting," says Beny. It's owned by St. Hilda's College, Toronto.



VINCENT MASSEY

"He has a wonderful head. For a long time I have wanted to photograph him. He is probably the most gracious person that I met on my return to Canada."



GLENN GOULD

Celebrated concert pianist

"Certainly the most temperamental genius I have ever photographed — or met."

"I've found that I like to pho



AGNES MOOREHEAD

Stage and movie actress

"A pleasant surprise in Hollywood: I at once felt a 'rapport' with her true Mediterranean soul."



B. C. BINNING

British Columbia abstract painter

"Modest and humorous, one senses a timelessness in his approach to his painting, to people, and to the world that he selects so sensitively as his own."

ROLOFF BENY

continued

GM agency in Medicine Hat. Woofie, as Beny was called at home, was once expected to go into the motorcar business too.

His father made him work in the garage so he would understand how hard it was to earn a dollar, a lesson that sank in fairly quickly on a depression prairie. Yet as he manned the gas pumps Beny spent most of his time "keeping myself informed on the state of the roads to romantic places like Purple Springs or Grassy Lake," and reading German and Russian novels — Thomas Mann, Dostoyevski and Tolstoi.

While he longed to leave the prairies, he couldn't, except in his imagination. Fuel for imagination came mainly from the pages of the Book of Knowledge, and soon Beny was creating a private world of his own.

"It wouldn't have been the same if we'd lived

to photograph people mainly because I like meeting people."



HAROLD TOWN
Toronto painter and muralist
 "Obviously an intellectual. A naturalness for a painter that made me pleased he was Canadian."



A. E. (DAL) GRAUER
President and chairman, B.C. Power Corporation
 An industrialist "not only fortunate in distinguished bone structure and covering, but the contents are of Renaissance stature."



CELIA FRANCA
Artistic director, National Ballet of Canada
 "A lady of disarming simplicity who seems incredibly in control of herself and her youthful ballet company."

in Toronto or Montreal," he says now, "but twenty years ago the west was very isolated. It's not like that today: a child could hardly grow up as uninformed about the arts as we were. Our way of life was so — well, I don't want to say empty, but that's what it really was."

To fill the emptiness Beny began to create a mythical world of his own, one that he was soon expressing in paintings. The ubiquitous grain elevator became in his early work a racked symbol of depression. Beny sought out such man-made ruins as Alberta could provide to satisfy a growing "romantic preoccupation with anything over fifty years old. I feel more at home with the ruin than with the present: a man-made ruin is the resting place of dreams which moved another generation or century. It suggests what might have been, rather than what may be, or is.

"The prairies forced me to be myself earlier, I think," Beny says, "and for that I thank them. It was a struggle — it required great determination. I had no teacher and I had to do it all myself. I always felt like a pioneer. After I started painting I began to give lectures — to the Kiwanis Club, for example. I was articulate."

When he left Medicine Hat to go to the University of Toronto in 1941, Beny studied art and archeology at Trinity College. There he discovered Greece, and as soon as he could after the war he went to Europe where at last he found real ruins, the kind he had dreamed of in his youthful days.

It was at the University of Toronto that Beny began to mold his public character. There's a lot of the showman in him, a willingness to capitalize on a natural weakness men **continued on page 56**

LIBERACE and DIANA DORS
Night-club entertainer; British-born film actress

"The expensive 'gift shop' atmosphere of Liberace's desert retreat at Palm Springs was an ideal setting for his guest Diana Dors, a superb example of triumph of art over nature."



The backwoods genius with the magic pen



Seton the writer turned out 42 books; the most successful were written just as a hobby.



Seton the outdoorsman started the Woodcraft Indians—an early version of the Boy Scouts.



Seton the scientist digs a wasps' nest. He spent ten years writing one scientific work on animals.

Wandering the Ontario wilderness, Ernest Thompson Seton
blazed a new literary trail.

His "realistic" animal stories—the first ever written—
started the whole conservation movement a century ago
and still enthrall millions of youngsters

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK BY FRED BODSWORTH

Man today has a respect and concern for wild animals which contrasts strikingly with the callous indifference that existed before the turn of the century. This concern has produced militant conservation groups, humane societies, game laws and wildlife sanctuaries. Most such social movements have obscure beginnings, but this one had a specific time of birth. Its growth has been gradual, but its birth was a sudden dramatic event in 1898—the publication of a book entitled *Wild Animals I Have Known*, which quickly became one of the most widely read best sellers of all time.

Its author was a shaggy-haired, many-faceted genius from the Canadian backwoods named Ernest Thompson Seton. A restless wanderer, he had sought cultural inspiration, fame and fortune

as a writer and artist in Paris, London and New York. But during childhood rambles through the ravines of Toronto, Seton had acquired a fanatic love for the outdoors, and this love lured him back repeatedly to the rugged lonely life of the frontiers. Here he found his real inspiration among birds and animals. And here the fame, fortune and artistic success that had eluded him in the cultural capitals of the world eventually overtook him.

In *Wild Animals I Have Known*, Seton originated a strikingly new literary form known now as the "realistic" animal story. In all previous fiction of this type the animals talked and thought like humans, but Seton tried to show animal lives and personalities as they are in **continued on page 32**

Will the whole continent go Hollywood?

"Los Angeles is already a tragedy for its older inhabitants—their unique and happy civilization overwhelmed by mass invasion."



Movie-makers for fifty years have mesmerized themselves with their own make-believe.

Now they're beginning to drug millions of TV viewers every night—and even national



No. 1 gossip, Louella Parsons is the "tyrant of the trivial."

leaders are being rated by their
showmanship and photogenic charm



No. 2 politician, Nixon gave "a show of technical perfection."

Since first sighting Los Angeles from the air—an infinite galaxy of lights like the Milky Way turned upside down and spread beneath me—I had been nagged by the obvious question: What made this monstrous agglomeration and civic botch perhaps the most potent force in North American life? What is that force, loosely called Hollywood and now in tinsel Renaissance, doing to all of us?

No sooner was I on the ground than James H. Richardson, the ex-Canadian who has known his town, as reporter

and editor, for nearly half a century, gave me part of the answer by telephoning to ask, in breathless anxiety, if I were still in my right mind.

"Don't go out of doors," he cried, "till I come and get you. Don't talk to anybody. Stay off the streets. The very air is full of madness."

Richardson wasn't joking. The air is full of madness. But a very special madness, unknown anywhere else. It will soon produce the world's largest

continued on page 49

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON

FAMOUS FAMILIES AT HOME



"Spanking is not human," Dr. Aroutunian said forcefully. "I usually explain a thing to my son once or twice and then he understands."

June Callwood visits

The RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR



Ambassador and reporter chat in an austere room in the embassy. He proved "a merry, intelligent man" and an animated talker.



"Diplomacy?" It has a broad meaning



... Sometimes it means evasions."



"Some believe the Soviet hostile ...



... but we don't want to fight ..."

Dr. and Mrs. Amasasp Aroutunian are tearing up the Russian reputation

for taciturnity. While she struggles to learn English, he is ready with fluent opinions on working wives, education, child discipline and the dilemmas of diplomacy

The Soviet Embassy in Ottawa is housed in a raw stone building with rows of identical windows. Its face is fit for poker, stiff, blank, shut-down. Until recently, except for infrequent receptions, few Canadians—and fewer reporters—had been inside the embassy.

Suddenly, with an abruptness not usually found outside nature, a thaw has occurred. The new ambassador, who arrived in January, is a merry, intelligent and gregarious Armenian, Dr. Amasasp A. Aroutunian (pronounced Arro-toon-ian), who within a few weeks of presenting his credentials had talked with more people than most of his predecessors met during their entire tenures. During his first trips to the Canada that lies outside Ottawa, including three each to Montreal and Toronto, Dr. Aroutunian kept stressing that his mission is to develop better understanding between Russia and Canada, adding that his government considers personal contact one of the best methods of achieving this goal.

An art collector, he spoke of his eagerness to see Canadian galleries. A friend of some of the Soviet's greatest musicians, he was appreciative of Lois Marshall, Canada's finest singer, Jacques Beaudry, French Canada's famous conductor, and Glenn Gould, Canada's finest pianist. A former university professor, he's been meeting some of his Canadian counterparts.

On a bright frosty morning early in March, I called on Dr. and Mrs. Aroutunian at the Soviet Embassy. Before his wife joined us I talked with the ambassador about his childhood, his attitude toward women having careers, his theories on raising children, and education. A handsome, swarthy man with a quick, white smile and brown velvet eyes, he appears younger than his fifty-six years. He talks with an animated face, using his hands a good deal and displays a substantial vo-

cabulary in moderately accented English and an irreverent sense of humor.

Mrs. Aroutunian, who speaks little English but is taking lessons, is his second wife. Her favorite sport is volleyball and she gives the impression that she would play a withering game. She is a forceful capable-looking person with no-nonsense movements and a rich zest for activity. Her manner of dress indicated that her taste, like her husband's, is darkly conservative and sedate.

"Is your readiness to meet Canadians a reflection of a changed Soviet policy or of your own personality?" I asked Dr. Aroutunian. An impish expression came over the ambassador's face. "Both," he grinned, pleased with the neatness of his reply. We sat down on a sun-dappled sofa in

a corner of the room and the conversation began.

The room where we talked was sparsely and oddly furnished. Ballroom-sized with crystal chandeliers and a finely parquered floor, it has ill-sorted clumps of chesterfield suites arranged in lonely islands along one wall and a superb soft-toned rug afloat in lovely isolation in its geometric centre. A grand piano, adorned with a carved wooden stag on a lace doily, had been pushed against one wall and a Westinghouse hi-fi record player against another. The walls are hung with sombre postcard landscapes, recently painted by Soviet artists, which bear strong resemblance to Canadian scenery. Dr. Aroutunian is accustomed to visitors marveling at the similarity.

"That one over there continued on page 45



Reporter Callwood found the ambassador's wife a "composed woman with inner quiet." Hovanes, 2, remained "on the brink of shyness."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN BELL

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNE 6, 1959



Why

Sylvia Murphy

turns her back on the big-time

By TRENT FRAYNE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER CURTIN

Six months ago a recording firm in England offered Sylvia Murphy, a blond Canadian songbird whose career is up around high-C even if her range isn't, the kind of deal that can turn a national star into an international one. The company wanted to fly her to London to record four songs in the new stereophonic process. The offer included all expenses and musical arrangements, a thirty-piece orchestra for accompaniment, and the right to choose two of the four songs herself. The resultant two records would be distributed, released and promoted in England, the United States and Canada. She said she was flattered, but no thank you.

Four months ago Arthur Godfrey, who is bigger than all outdoors in the U.S. entertainment industry, did his morning show from Toronto for a week, and Sylvia sang a couple of songs as his guest one morning. "Great Godfrey," said Arthur, or words to that effect, and asked her to go to New York to appear on his show for a week. She thanked him and said no. He told her if she changed her mind to let him know immediately. She hasn't.

Two years ago the Murphy cropped curls and creamy pelt were instantly recognized by her mother, a few friends and scarcely anyone else when she made her first start on a long-gone TV summer replacement called Club O'Connor. A year ago, if her name was not precisely a household word it at least led all the rest when a national poll of television critics listed the best newcomer to the cathode tube. A few months ago the same eye-strained group called her the best female vocalist in the country.

Few entertainers in this country are now heard and seen by as many people in any given week as Sylvia Murphy, yet no one seems less concerned about her burgeoning career than the lady herself. Each Thursday

As a star of Music Makers '59 she won two awards. But she rejected job offers from Arthur Godfrey and Sammy Kaye.

When a pretty singer says

she'd rather be a good mother,

it's usually chalked up to

press agency. But here's one

who really wants to stay home with

her children

evening her rich, round tones embroider the big solid sound of Jack Kane's band on the TV program Music Makers '59, and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday she sings with Billy O'Connor's little group on a network of twenty-four radio stations across the land.

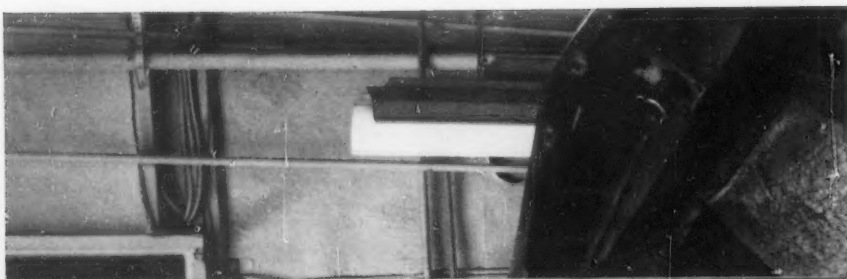
On a recent Thursday an independent survey group called Teleratings deduced in the mysterious manner of those people that exactly 2,055,386 viewers were glued to Music Makers. Radio pulse-takers, less precise, say that a round 1,200,000 are on her wave-length every week. With an audience of more than three million, the curvaceous Miss Murphy has climbed faster than any entertainer in Canada, and it doesn't end there.

Last winter the lean and learned Paul Almond, the CBC's top drama producer, confounded the casting office by picking Sylvia as the lady lead in an hour-long murder mystery he was unraveling. The critical reception on her first dramatic undertaking on the tiny screen was unanimously favorable.

In fact, almost no one has found a knock for Miss Murphy in a business where knocks are not precisely unique. Indeed, no one has complained except Sylvia herself, who is not dissatisfied with her career, as such, but is really just not intrigued by the idea of it. Until May, when she married the scholarly television interviewer Charles Templeton, Sylvia's greatest interest in the entertainment business was the security it afforded for her mother and two children by a previous marriage. Three years ago when that marriage disintegrated she wasn't earning a quarter. These days people connected with her various shows guess that she's making about twenty-five thousand dollars a year. That's why she rejected the two offers that might have vaulted her **continued on page 68**

Now Mrs. Charles Templeton, Sylvia is making a new home for Deborah and Michael, children of her first marriage.





A GARAGEMAN TALKS BACK

People run their cars
for forty thousand miles
without even a grease job.
Then I tell them it
needs repairs
and they call me a crook.
Now hear MY side
of the story

BY RAY STAPLEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST EHRLICH



"No, lady," the author says as his mechanic grimaces, "we can't just put new sparks in your spark plugs."

Early last spring, a man drove a wheezing wreck of a car into my garage repair shop. It groaned to a stop then exuded steam like an old locomotive. The driver leaned out his window and said, "Hey, Mac, how long would it take to do a tune-up job on this car?" I looked dubiously at the car, trying to phrase a diplomatic reply.

"Well, sir," I said, "it does seem that you need a bit more than a tune up."

The man literally snarled, "That's the trouble with you repair fellows, you're all a bunch of crooks! Fleecing the car owner out of his last

buck!" With a roar of his engine, he backed out of the garage, leaving me choking in a cloud of thick blue smoke.

I'm the most unpopular man in town, and I don't think I deserve to be. I get sick and tired of hearing people say that all garage operators are inefficient, that they pad their bills and spend more time cheating customers than giving service. I think it's time car owners took a look at themselves for a change.

I don't know who first sold the idea that an automobile only needs gasoline and a driver to

make it work. Whoever it was, I suffer the results. I get cars which haven't been properly serviced for forty thousand miles, cars which have been driven literally till the wheels begin to fall off. A youngster who'd bought himself an old car recently, complete with a squirrel tail, dual exhausts and extra chrome trim, was furious when I told him it wasn't worth repairing. He didn't blame himself for buying badly, or the rogue who sold it to him for four hundred dollars. He blamed me.

I faced about two thou- **continued on page 41**

WHY ARE THE ANDERSONS SUCH AN OUTSTANDING FAMILY?

You probably know a family like the Andersons—perhaps you are one of them.

Without any of the advantages of money, college, or unusual talents, the Andersons are known, liked, and respected throughout the community.

Mr. Anderson was even picked for the school board even though his formal education was not great. Mrs. Anderson is known for her clever ideas when the PTA puts on its big bazaar. The children aren't brilliant—but they are alert, good students busy with a dozen different hobbies. One has even rigged up a laboratory in the basement and won the science award at the high school last year. But busy as the Andersons are—they always seem to have time for each other. You just have to set foot in their house to know it is a happy house.

It was Mr. Anderson's very lack of formal education that is largely responsible for their home atmosphere. Since he was never in a position to take education for granted, he determined that he was going to do what he could to give his family the priceless gift of knowledge. It was then he decided to buy a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—and he has never regretted the decision. The whole Anderson family has caught the habit of "looking it up in Britannica"—a habit that will have a lifelong effect on their success and happiness.

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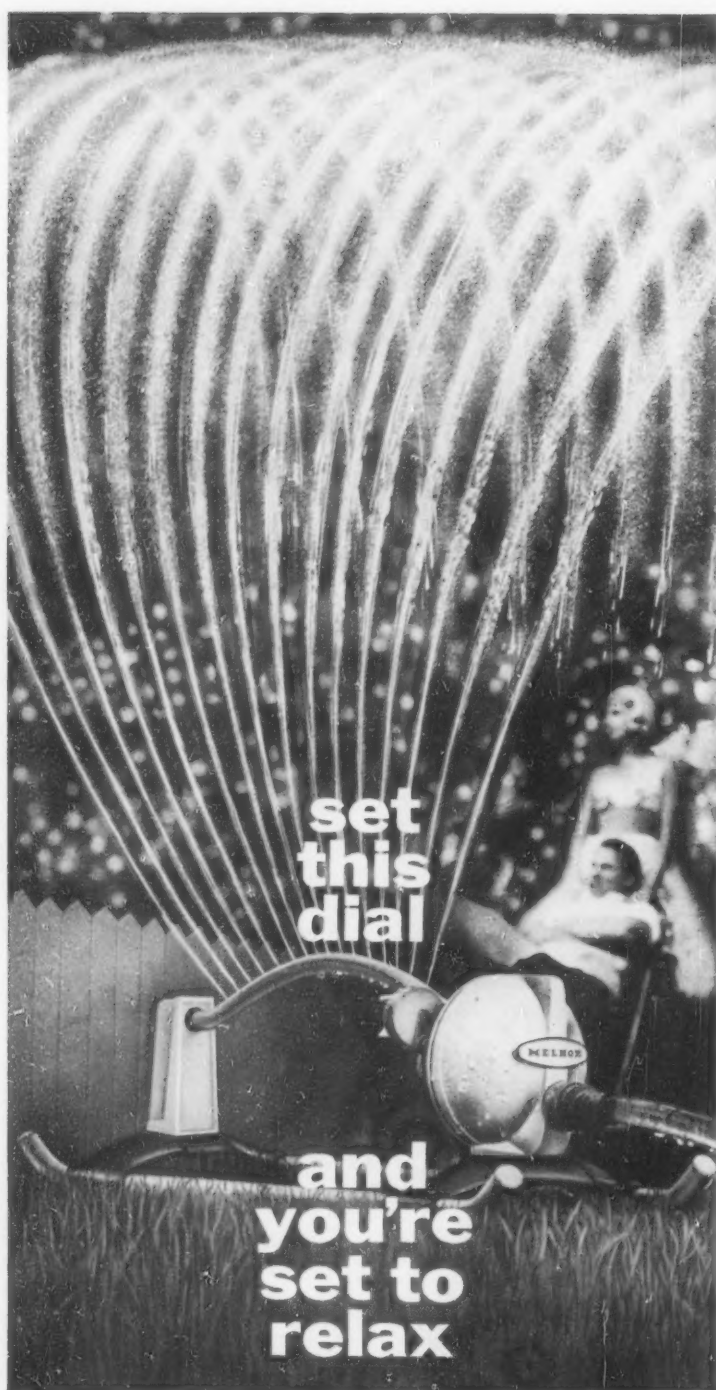
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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

IT HAPPENED TO JANE: Doris Day as a Maine lobster-woman with spunk, Jack Lemmon as her adoring small-town lawyer, and Ernie Kovacs as a ruthless old smoothie of a railroad president are the embattled principals in this enjoyable Hollywood comedy. Directed by Richard Quine, it calls to mind the robust but sentimental *Mr. Deeds* and *Mr. Smith* folk-sagas Frank Capra used to make.

NEVER STEAL ANYTHING SMALL: Tongue-in-cheek borrowings from *Guys and Dolls* and *On the Waterfront* seem to be mixed in this tossed salad of a gangland musical comedy. It stars James Cagney as a tarnished Robin Hood of the New York docks who brazenly insists that anything he does for his stevedores' union is morally justified. With Shirley Jones, Roger Smith. Rating: fair.

THE NIGHT HEAVEN FELL: A melodrama from France. It's a dreary specimen, except possibly for Brigitte Bardot worshippers so dedicated that they will endure any amount of boredom for another glimpse of the pouty little sex-goddess wearing as few garments as the censors will allow.

SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT: Ingmar Bergman, the heart-chilling genius of Swedish films, is one of the few writer-directors who can create a sardonic allegory about the emptiness of human existence in the form of a frisky boudoir comedy. The final product is pervaded by a central bleakness but flawlessly put together and beautifully acted by the Swedish cast. English subtitles.

THE 39 STEPS: This is a remake of Alfred Hitchcock's fondly remembered 1935 mystery-thriller based on the John Buchan novel. Kenneth More and Taina Elg are likeable and competent in the roles originally played by Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll, and there are some sharp cameos among the supporting players. Director Ralph Thomas falls far short of the Hitchcock standard, but the new version deserves a "good" in the ratings.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

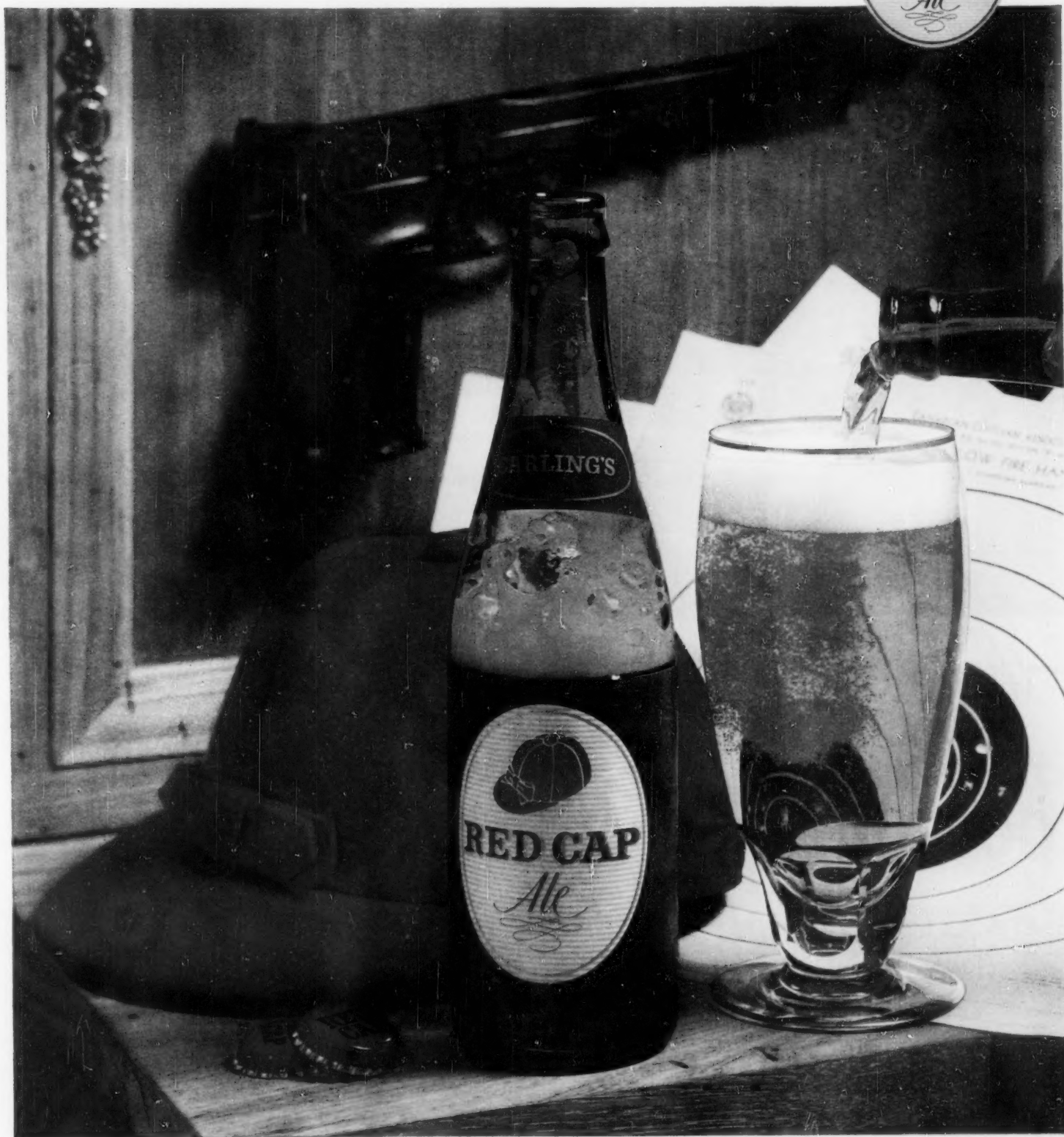
Al Capone: Real-life crime drama. Good.
Anna Lucasta: Drama. Fair.
Auntie Mame: Comedy. Good.
Bachelor of Hearts: Comedy. Fair.
Bell, Book and Candle: Comedy. Fair.
The Captain's Table: Comedy. Fair.
Carlton-Browne of the F.O.: British comedy. Good.
Compulsion: Crime drama. Good.
Count Your Blessings: Comedy. Fair.
A Cry From the Streets: British drama re-orphans. Fair.
The Defiant Ones: Drama. Tops.
The Doctor's Dilemma: Edwardian satire by G.B.S. Fair.
First Man Into Space: Horror. Fair.
Floods of Fear: Drama. Fair.
Foxiest Girl in Paris: Comedy. Fair.
Gideon of Scotland Yard: Detective comedy-drama. Poor.
Gigli: Musical. Excellent.
The Horse's Mouth: Comedy. Good.
Ice-Cold in Alex: British drama of war in desert. Good.
Imitation of Life: Drama. Good.
I Want to Live! Death-cell drama. Good.
I Was Monty's Double: True-life hoax thriller. Good.
The Journey: Cold War drama. Good.

The Lost Missile: Science fiction. Fair.
Me and the Colonel: Comedy. Good.
Naked Maja: Historical drama. Poor.
A Night to Remember: True shipwreck drama. Excellent.
Operation Amsterdam: War adventure. Good.
Orders to Kill: Drama. Excellent.
The Perfect Furlough: Comedy. Good.
Pork Chop Hill: War drama. Good.
The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker: "Naughty" comedy. Fair.
Rockets Galore: British comedy. Good.
Room at the Top: Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.
Separate Tables: Drama. Good.
The Shaggy Dog: Comic fantasy for children. Good.
The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw: Wild West comedy. Fair.
Some Like It Hot: Comedy. Fair.
The Sound and the Fury: Deep South drama. Fair.
The Spy on Wilhelmstrasse: British espionage drama. Good.
The Square Peg: Spy comedy. Fair.
Tempest: Historical drama. Good.
These Thousand Hills: Western. Good.
Virgin Island: Romantic comedy. Fair.

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A Personal Matter...

Just as there are many types of people, there are many types of investors. Some have substantial amounts to invest . . . many more have medium amounts. Some are familiar with the basic elements of sound investment, others have had little experience . . . or, in fact, no experience at all. With some, safety is a chief concern, others regard income as more important, and an increasing number are interested in acquiring sound securities with growth possibilities.

All this really means that no two people have *exactly* the same investment problem because no two requirements are *exactly* alike. But despite many differences there is one thing common to all investors . . . it is that every person's investment problem is a very personal matter . . . a subject that he doesn't care to discuss with just anyone but, nevertheless, a subject on which he will often welcome experienced help.

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The backwoods genius with the magic pen

Continued from page 22

"Our homegrown belittlers of Canadian culture overlook Seton's contribution to literature"

nature. Many biologists today, viewing Seton in the sharper light of modern biological knowledge, claim he fell short of depicting animals as they actually are; but sixty years ago *Wild Animals I Have Known* was a new and monumental step toward realistic animal portrayal. It revealed to millions of readers that animals have loves and tragedies not unlike our own. It started a whole generation looking with new understanding at the world of nature. It was the real beginning of the movement which grew into today's vigorous conservation crusade.

Probably a majority of today's naturalists and biologists had their interest sparked first by Seton's stories, for he turned thousands of boys to the outdoors. I remember vividly the impact of Seton on my own generation—the classroom in tears as the teacher read *Raggybug* or *Lobo, King of the Currumpaw*; the library waiting list for *Two Little Savages*, which most boys reread religiously each year; the hours in the woods trailing animals, building Indian teepees, with a Seton woodcraft book as our Bible and constant guide. Seton is still in demand, I hear, holding his own despite the *Lone Ranger* and *Wyatt Earp*. It was a moving and reassuring thing recently to lift a tattered copy of *Two Little Savages* from a library shelf and find a bundle of dried pine needles in its pages—evidence that Seton is still going into the woods with boys. I hope that, like Tennyson's brook, he goes on forever, and he shows good signs of doing so. Recent paperback editions have pushed Seton book sales to three million. The Seton message—"We and the beasts are kin"—lives on.

But Seton has a special significance to Canada other than the fact that he has kept three generations of us animal-conscious. Our homegrown belittlers of Canadian art and culture, who bemoan that Canada has originated nothing of artistic merit, overlook that Seton's wildlife fiction was an original Canadian literary form that was quickly imitated by Kipling and other literary greats throughout the world. Though he was born in England and lived most of his life a U.S. citizen, Ernest Thompson Seton wrote his first stories in Canada, and most of his wildlife characters were animals he studied here. Because of this, and because another Canadian, Charles G. D. Roberts, followed quickly along the literary trail that Seton blazed, the realistic animal story is now recognized as a Canadian contribution to world literature.

Seton had three careers—art, science and writing—and he won recognition in all of them. But his fiction writing, the career that interested him least, was the one that brought him wealth and fame. He had begun it merely as a hobby, as an expression of his love for nature, and even after it had thrust him into world prominence he still wished to be known first as a scientist. The recognition he gained in scientific circles as a competent, self-taught biologist he prized more than all the fame and wealth he won as a teller of animal tales. Of his forty-two books, he was proudest of his huge four-volume *Lives of Game Animals*, a scien-

tific work to which he devoted ten years of his life. He obtained a wry satisfaction from the fact that his *Lives*, though it established him as a scientist, sold only twenty-six hundred copies while his animal fiction sold millions and made him a millionaire. Today, almost fifty years later, Seton's *Lives* is still a must for every mammalogist's library and second-hand copies are in demand at five times the original price.

But despite his reputation as a scientist, there are glaring scientific flaws in his popular fiction. Some of Seton's stories show a fallacy common for his time—the error of anthropomorphism, or unduly humanizing of animals. Modern biologists contend that Seton's animal heroes are too liberally endowed with human emotions like love, grief and hate. Some possess too much reasoning power to be acceptable as animals today. There is the small bear in *Biography of a Grizzly*, for example, which rolls a log up to a tree and stands on it so that it can reach up and leave a higher claw mark in the bark, hoping to make other grizzlies believe there is a monstrous bear inhabiting the region. Modern authorities on animal behavior say this and other episodes imply a degree of intelligence that animals just don't possess. But the anthropomorphic flaws are more than offset by sound scientific realism that characterizes most of Seton's work.

Seton's was a strange double life of contrasts—a constant restless commuting between cities where he hobnobbed with a cultured and scientific elite and the frontier where he lived among cowpunchers and backwoodsmen. He was born in 1860 at South Shields, the English seaport on the Tyne, twelfth in a family of fourteen boys. His father was a wealthy domineering ship-owner who insisted that his sons rise and stand at attention when he entered a room. When Seton was six his father's wealth was suddenly lost because of several ship sinkings and the family came to Canada and settled on a farm near Lindsay, Ont. Here the impressionable young Seton had his first contact with nature and the Canadian backwoods and he loved it from the beginning.

Seton's business-trained father was unfitted for pioneer farming and after four years they moved to Toronto where the father got work as an accountant. Queen's Park, the Don Valley and Rosedale Ravine, now in the heart of Toronto, were then virgin bush and Seton spent his boyhood roaming these areas, to the disgust of his father, who disapproved of such futureless activity. Seton had no books on nature; he learned the names of birds and animals by studying the specimens in taxidermy shop windows.

Some of his best-known wildlife characters, now immortals in the ranks of literary heroes, were birds he learned to know at that time in wild regions that are midtown Toronto today. They include Redruff, the Don Valley Partridge, and Silverspot, the Castle Frank Crow.

Sugar Loaf Hill, a landmark in several Seton stories, was in the Don Valley just north of the present Bloor Street viaduct. I stood on this bridge one afternoon last



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May and watched sadly as bulldozers leveled Sugar Loaf for Toronto's new Don Valley Expressway. I walked away feeling I had lost a boyhood chum.

In his early teens Seton began to display unusual talent as a wildlife artist. This, to his father, made sense, and the boy was apprenticed to a Toronto portrait painter. But his training there consisted mainly of using flesh-tinted oils to paint out the black eyes of street brawlers. This was a much more lucrative business in the Toronto of that day than portrait painting. So Seton began attending night classes at the Ontario College of Art. He did well, won a gold medal and on the strength of it persuaded his father to send him to London for art study. In 1879, now nineteen, Seton went to London.

He was one of six chosen from two hundred contestants for free art instruction at London's Royal Academy. An allowance his father had promised rarely came and he was always hungry and ill-dressed. But life in London brightened when he discovered the huge natural history library of the British Museum. All his youth he had had a hunger for nature books and there were more of them here than he had ever dreamed existed. He began spending every night reading in the museum library. But after two and a half years he began to feel a yearning he was to feel many times in later life—a yearning for the North American backwoods. With proceeds from a small book-illustrating assignment he bought a steerage ticket and returned to Toronto.

His father, never very industrious, felt the time had come when his sons should be supporting him. He handed Seton a bill for \$537.50 covering every cent he had spent raising the boy, including the doctor's bill for his birth. He showed Seton his account book in which it was all recorded and said that henceforth he would be charging six percent interest

on the debt. If Seton wanted an itemized statement, the father would prepare one at no extra cost. Seton, stunned and angry, said it would not be necessary.

Seton sold some wildlife sketches to a Toronto Christmas card publisher, bought a flock of chickens and headed west to join one of his brothers on a Manitoba homestead. Because of deep snow, the train trip took three weeks, during which Seton subsisted on eggs his chickens laid in the baggage car. In his brother's log shanty at Carberry, a hundred miles west of Winnipeg, Seton's career as a scientist began, for he spent more time observing and collecting animals than he did caring for his chickens. Frontier living and its wildlife thrilled him. At this time his first reports on wildlife observations begin to appear in scientific journals and here Seton wrote his first experimental piece of wildlife fiction, *The Life of the Prairie Chicken*, which appeared in the *Canadian Journal* of February, 1883.

After a year and a half the wanderlust bit him again. His love for nature and the backwoods began to conflict with his desire for artistic success and in November, 1883, he went to New York. For several days he lived on bread and drank water at street fountains until he got a fifteen-dollar-a-week job as artist for a commercial art firm. It was the only desk job of his career and he couldn't endure it long. When spring and singing birds filled him with restlessness he headed again for the Manitoba prairies. But during this first six-month stay in New York, Seton made important strides in all three of his careers. He wrote animal stories which began appearing in *St. Nicholas* and *Forest and Stream* magazines. The recognition he was now winning as a scientist is attested by his election at that time to the select scientific company of the American Ornithologists' Union. One of his newly acquired scientist friends,

Continued on page 38

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Gosh, I wish he could tell us what kind of bait he uses."

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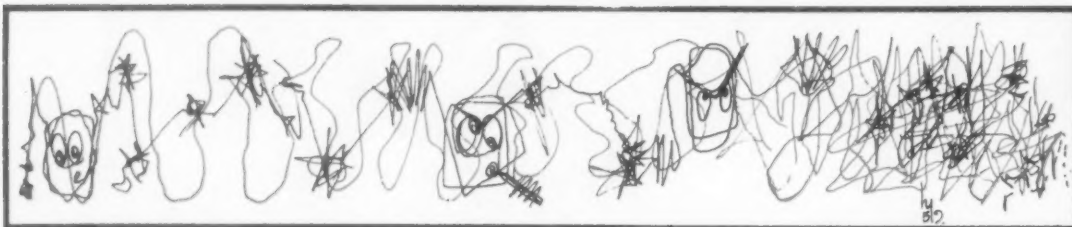


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ornithologist Dr. C. Hart Merriam, called him the best animal illustrator in America and ordered fifty drawings for books Merriam was preparing. But all of this failed to impress his father and when Seton stopped in Toronto on the way west, the father reminded him that interest had added another sixty-five dollars to his debt.

An inveterate rolling stone, Seton seemed compelled to move whenever he could afford to buy a train ticket. There were more junkets between Manitoba, Toronto and New York and in 1887, Seton, now twenty-seven, was back in Toronto for another visit. His mother begged him to settle down. Another brother had a summer resort at Lorne Park ten miles west of Toronto and Seton became its resident manager. He lived there two years before the venture finally failed. The failure had two causes: a select residential development, the Lorne Park Company, objected to having the shoestring Seton outfit next door and made trouble at every opportunity; and Seton spent too much time wandering in the surrounding bush instead of tending to business. But here Seton met animal heroes which later went into some of his most famous stories—the Springfield Fox, Molly Cottontail, Dabbles the Coon and others. Also during this period he managed to buy some property in Toronto which he sold at a nice profit. He paid his father in full, including interest, and with the remainder bought a steamer ticket for London to study art again. He could earn a living now doing animal illustrations, but fine art lured him and a few months later he went to Paris to study at Julian's Academy.

The love of Canadian wildlife was still in his heart and his first major painting was a sleeping wolf done at the Paris zoo. It was accepted for the Paris Grand Salon that year, 1891. Encouraged, Seton tackled a bigger project for the Grand Salon of the following year—a large canvas showing a pack of wolves devouring a peasant they had killed. He called it *Triumph of the Wolves* and the judges rejected it unanimously as too horrible and offensive to be hung as a work of art. Disgusted, and tired of Paris now that he had spent two years there, Seton packed up his paintings and headed again for the Canadian West. *Triumph of the Wolves* was shown in Toronto on his way west and it created so much attention that even U.S. critics came to see it. Critics either despised it or acclaimed it as a great masterpiece. After bitter controversy it was selected for inclusion in the Canadian art exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

Seton was now recognized as a wolf authority. In New York he met the owner of a New Mexico cattle ranch who complained that wolves were killing cattle and causing huge losses. One particular old one, known as Lobo, had for five years defied all efforts to shoot or trap it. The rancher wished to hire Seton to go out and teach his cowboys how to bring down wolves, especially Lobo. Seton had several illustrating assignments but here was frontier adventure he couldn't resist, so he dropped everything and in the fall of 1893 went to New Mexico as a wolf-hunter.

He trailed Lobo that winter into the wild Currumpaw Valley and read from his trail the great wolf's single weakness—Lobo had taken as his mate a reckless white bitch named Blanca. After four months of trailing, Seton finally trapped the impetuous Blanca and then, using her body as a lure, he soon trapped Lobo too. But as soon as he saw the giant wolf in his traps, Seton was sorry for what he had done. Inspired by the wolf's cunning

and defiant fight, Seton wrote his great story *Lobo, King of the Currumpaw*, recognized today as his finest animal story. A true account, it appeared in Scribner's magazine that November of 1894 and won immediate widespread acclaim. Seton said many times later: "It was the beginning of my worldly success." But by this time he was no longer in America to accept the plaudits. The wanderlust had bitten him again. He had used the proceeds of the *Lobo* sale to go back to Paris for more art study.

Here he met Grace Gallatin, a socially prominent New Yorker, and on his return to New York two years later they were married. Now thirty-six, he tried to settle down as a wildlife illustrator, but even marriage failed to tie him down. He continued periodic rambles to the west and around this time discovered a new purpose for traveling — lecturing tours.

In 1898 he offered eight of his most popular magazine stories to Scribner's, the book publishers. Scribner agreed to publish them but warned Seton it was a hazardous publishing venture and told him he would have to be satisfied with a ten percent royalty. Seton asked how many copies he must sell to cover initial publishing costs. Scribner answered: "Two thousand." Seton was so confident of its success he said he would accept no royalties on the first two thousand copies on condition he receive double royalties on all copies sold above two thousand. Scribner balked, but he had set his own trap and couldn't escape. So that was the deal they made.

Wild Animals I Have Known appeared in October, 1898. Critics shouted hosannas and the public loved the new, realistic and sympathetic picture of wildlife it gave. Two thousand copies sold within three weeks and Seton then began collecting his double royalties. Three more large printings sold out before Christmas. Seton, the struggling footloose wildlife artist, suddenly found himself a wealthy and famous author on the strength of a few nature stories written as an evening pastime.

His fame created a great demand for him as a lecturer. He had a powerful voice and stage personality. His skill at imitating animals and acting out his stories was soon earning him six hundred dollars a week on lecture platforms and he needed a manager to handle this phase of his business alone. One such demonstration — an impromptu one — embarrassed an august assembly of scientists who were its unwilling audience. At a convention of the American Ornithologists' Union in Washington, several distinguished scientists had gathered for an evening with suitable refreshments in Seton's hotel room. The evening wore on, the refreshments began to have their effect, particularly on Seton who decided to demonstrate wolf howls. Suddenly he announced that the room was too small to obtain the necessary resonance and he led his reluctant guests to the lobby downstairs. Seton crouched wolf-like on the lobby floor, threw back his head and let forth with the most realistic wolf howl Washington had ever heard. Satisfied now with the resonance, he repeated it again and again. One by one his embarrassed guests slipped away until Seton was alone, squatting on his haunches and still howling dismally at the ceiling. Hotel detectives finally led him back to his room.

Following his success with *Wild Animals I Have Known*, art became secondary and Seton began devoting much more time to writing. Book followed book almost annually, all illustrated with his own drawings. There were *Lives of the Hunted*, *Biography of a Grizzly*,

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Animal Heroes, Rolf in the Woods and many others. Between writing sessions and lecture tours he also rambled off on a trip into the wilderness somewhere each year. To the dismay of his publishers he was usually out of touch somewhere in the distant hinterlands whenever a business crisis arose over his books.

But his lack of a permanent address was not as serious as another difficulty that dogged him — the lack of a permanent name. His boyhood name was Thompson, not Seton, but since Thompson was merely a name assumed by a

Jacobite great-grandfather to escape detection, there was disagreement about what the family's name should be. The disagreement was solved for the Toronto branch of the family when the father fell heir to the name Seton, which included an earldom. However, he did nothing about legally claiming it. This annoyed his sons, who began using various combinations of the two names. The mix-up was complicated by a pious mother who thought there was something irreligious in a family being divided with different names, and from time to time she per-

suaded them to revert to the original — Thompson. As a result, Seton's art and writings had been signed by three different names at various times — his boyhood name, Ernest Evan Thompson; the compromise Ernest Seton-Thompson, and the name he preferred, Ernest Thompson Seton. It produced a copyrighting chaos for his publishers and finally, in 1901, Seton's mother now dead, they summoned him back from a wilderness trip and had the Supreme Court of New York designate him Ernest Thompson Seton. Remembering his own lonely and

harshly disciplined boyhood, Seton created an outdoor organization for boys that survives today as the Boy Scouts, perhaps his greatest monument, but a monument on which ironically his name does not appear.

His original boys' organization he called the Woodcraft Indians, and its members were instructed to pattern themselves on the North American Indian. The organization, its laws, system of merit badges and outdoor activity he set down in detail in a four-hundred-page book he called *The Birch Bark Roll*. Hundreds of groups had sprung up in Canada and the U.S. by 1906 when Seton went to England to promote the idea there. Lord Roberts, commander in chief of the British Army, was intensely interested and turned Seton over to Boer War hero General Baden-Powell, who was ordered to get the movement rolling in Britain. Seton gave Baden-Powell his *Birch Bark Roll* and the two had long talks and, later, detailed correspondence on the subject. But two years later, when the Boy Scouts sprang into being in England, Seton was ignored. Baden-Powell's book, on which the new scout movement was based, was a thinly disguised rewrite of Seton's *Birch Bark Roll*, with only one important alteration — Seton's emulation of the Indian was thrown out and the new British Boy Scouts was strongly military instead. Seton commented: "My sole object was to make better citizens; Baden-Powell's was to make better soldiers."

World War I was brewing, military organizations were in fashion and Baden-Powell's Boy Scout movement emigrated back to North America, where it slowly replaced the Seton Woodcraft Indians that had fathered it. Influential friends on both sides of the Atlantic urged Seton to seek recognition as the Boy Scout founder. One of them, Lord Northcliffe, publisher of the *London Times*, wrote to Seton: "No one acquainted with the facts has any doubt that you are the originator of the Boy Scout movement and have been unfairly treated by Baden-Powell." He offered Seton the columns of the *Times* "to expose Baden-Powell's imposture."

But Seton was too interested in the scout movement to jeopardize its early years by engaging in a race for honors with Baden-Powell. It was probably the only fight in his life he ever declined. He told his defenders that "slow but reliable history" would some day give him the honor he had earned. But history never has.

Seton's constant wandering on lecture tours and wilderness safaris was more than any marriage could endure. His thoroughly urbanized wife tried to keep up with him for a few years, then became a writer of travel books and began extensive travels of her own. They kept an estate at Greenwich, Conn., but were rarely there together. Their one child, Ann, also became a writer. Today, as Anya Seton, she is well known as the author of several best-selling historical novels, among them *Dragonwyck*, *Katherine* and *the Winthrop Woman*.

In 1930, explaining that "the call of the west was ever in my heart," Seton moved to New Mexico where in the land of Lobo he built a sprawling stone castle and museum. Here, following a divorce, Seton married a second time in 1935 at the age of seventy-five. But his fabulous Seton Castle became a headquarters and not a home, because Seton remained a restless rolling stone to the end.

He died at eighty-six in October, 1946, a few days before he was to embark on a six-month, ten-thousand-mile lecture tour of the U.S. ★

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A garageman talks back

Continued from page 28

sand customers last year in my small shop (room for about seven cars) on Gerrard Street East, Toronto. In the eyes of some of them, I could see the veiled suspicion that I was really a cold-blooded racketeer.

The automobile serviceman has to work like a medical man. He must "cure" sick cars. But he is often in the depressing position of not enjoying a relationship of trust. After he's tried to save the miserable life of some misused automobile, his reward is liable to be a tirade of abuse and recrimination. I'd like to see any doctor put up with that.

This comparison between doctors and garage repairmen may seem like a bit of personal vanity. But it's a favorite with me because I have to work very much like a doctor — or a psychiatrist, in some instances — because people tend to treat their cars like living things.

Women are more prone to do this than men. One woman customer always says, when she brings her very old and battered car in for repairing, "I don't think she feels well today." She calls the car Mabel. My mechanics also have a name for it.

Men aren't so sentimental. A former customer, who used to drive his car so savagely he would wreck it in eighteen months, was later convicted of cruelty to a dog. One of my mechanics swears that convertibles occupy the same importance in young men's lives today as blondes did in his own younger years.

Those nervous drivers

In running a successful repair business, I find it helpful to study people just as closely as their cars. Certain types of people treat their cars in certain ways, and this shows up on their repair bills. Nervous, high-strung people drive their cars nervously, often with rapid starts, quick stops. They usually need more frequent brake, clutch and transmission repairs. Aggressive people, who often have a grudge against humanity, drive savagely and carelessly. They need frequent wheel alignment because they drive up on curbs and don't bother to steer around potholes.

You might think that gentle people avoid such grief. But a timid person tends to drive his car so cautiously that his engine never gets a chance to blow out injurious carbons and varnishes. Result: frequent carburetor overhaul jobs and sticking valves.





There are two types of drivers who haunt the dreams of garage repairmen. First is the man who buys his car for prestige. Usually, he can't afford the car he buys, pays his repair bills tardily, is shocked whenever he has to spend an extra dollar on the car. One of my poorer customers drives a late-model Lincoln, has trouble paying minor tune-up bills, and never seems able to get out of Toronto for a vacation.

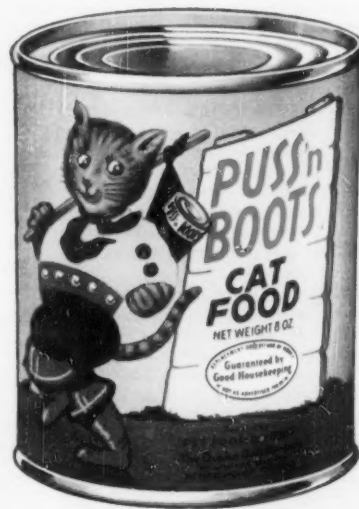
I've seen scores of brave car hunters marching off down Danforth Avenue — Toronto's second-hand-car mecca — determined to "get a real deal" on a product they know nothing about, from a



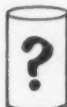
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But HAMBURGER lacks energy-giving carbohydrates, is deficient in vitamins A and D.	But BEEF KIDNEY lacks manganese, one of the nutritive factors responsible for normal reproduction and healthy kittens.	But SALMON (canned) lacks vitamin A, so necessary for good eyesight, and salmon contains very little carbohydrates.	But MILK lacks iron, the mineral that's so important for good rich red blood.
PUSS 'n BOOTS not only furnishes body-building protein and blood-enriching iron, but has an abundant amount of carbohydrates for energy and vitamin A for keen eyesight.	PUSS 'n BOOTS not only supplies niacin for smooth, healthy skin and fat for energy, but also the important mineral, manganese, so necessary to the mother cat and her kittens.	PUSS 'n BOOTS not only is a rich natural source of vitamin D and calcium, but contains vitamin A as well as valuable carbohydrates.	PUSS 'n BOOTS not only has riboflavin for silky fur and thiamin for alertness, as in milk, but supplies the blood-building iron which milk lacks.



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"I once tried the used-car business, but I hadn't reckoned on the dishonesty of my customers"

bunch of salesmen who are about twice as smart as any Arab horse trader. For these people, many of whom believe that their car should tell the world how successful they are, the automobile is often a demanding tyrant. They don't run it. It runs them. I've had the sobbing wife of a customer in the shop telling me her children were short of food and clothes because the family car took so much of the budget. Another of my customers went through two years of hell trying to buy a six-thousand-dollar convertible — two-hundred-dollar monthly payments out of his four-hundred-dollar monthly income.

The big expensive car cuts no ice with the repairman. My richest customer drives a 1949 Plymouth and spends her winters in Greece.

Then there's the man who has to have a car, has no interest in it, doesn't care how it runs, what it looks like as long as it gets him there. You can recognize this type of customer the moment he drives into the shop. His engine may be running roughly, and obviously hasn't been tuned for months, the sides of his tires may be scuffed, a side window may be cracked or a windshield wiper missing.

Because he isn't interested in his car, such a driver is constantly baffled and frustrated by the fact that it needs constant injections of capital to keep it running. And when he comes up to the counter and says belligerently, "Look, I want this car fixed this afternoon," you may be sure he's a troublemaker. He combines ignorance and impatience. The repairman can never satisfy that combination.

Fortunately, there's a third type of customer. He is the man who buys purely for utility. He's sometimes an engineer, always a practical man with some knowledge of mechanical things. He wants the most space, convenience, comfort and mileage that can be had for the least money and gasoline. He understands that servicing is vital. Drivers like him can get extraordinary performance from their cars. One customer, a salesman, drives better than a hundred thousand miles a year and never trades his car till it's done a hundred and fifty thousand miles.

But however smart I may think I am putting customers in categories and looking at them as carefully as I look at their cars, it often backfires on me. Car troubles are easy to diagnose, but people aren't. I got into a fearful mess a few years ago when I mistakenly tried my hand in the second-hand-car business. I thought I could buy cars, restore them to perfect condition and sell them with a new-car warranty.

But I hadn't reckoned on the infinite dishonesty of the customers. When you're a used-car dealer, you have to train yourself to appraise a car at a glance — and take your chances. I guess I took too many chances. I bought cars that had been doctored with devilish ingenuity, cars which had sawdust quietening their worn bearings, breakfast food stopping up their leaking radiators, cars ready to lie down and die a few minutes after I'd bought them.

The most cunningly doctored car I ever saw I bought from a clergyman, and he barely won that distinction in competition with lawyers, doctors and other professional men. All had one belief in common. In the used-car business, no trick is too dirty, no hold is barred. I don't know which came first, the dishonest customer or the dishonest dealer, but they're both still in there pitching.

Even today, with the second-hand-car

business only a nasty memory, I still get a surprising number of requests from honest people to doctor their cars damaged in accidents so that the insurance company can pay for things which were wrong before the accident.

Repair bills, because of changes in automobile design and function, are getting harder and harder to pay. Many people still don't realize how expensive

it is to keep new cars, with all their complex gadgets, in good running order. A young fellow came into the shop a few weeks ago with his 1958 all-automatic two-hundred-and-seventy-horsepower dream wagon. He'd bought it second-hand and was prouder of it than a cat with kittens. Three hours later, when he drove out of the garage, he looked sick. We had only done two things to the car

— overhauled the four-barrel carburetor and replaced the exhaust system. The bill was eighty-eight dollars. I could see by his face that I would never see him again.

Big, powerful engines and loads of accessories create big, powerful repair bills. They're strictly for the man with money. In fact, I'll say that any big V-8 engine is not for the Canadian workingman. He should stick to straight six-cylinder



THE LOW PROFILE

engines, which may cost half as much to service, and a minimum of accessories. He should steer clear of four-barrel carburetors, which can slam his two-ton wagon down the pike at a hundred and ten miles an hour, but which may cost thirty-five dollars for an overhaul and can go out of adjustment more easily than simpler equipment. These things cost money. As long as car buyers recognize this and don't blame their garage-man, I'll be happy.

But I certainly can't muster up even a thin smile when the manufacturers pro-

duce a car with bugs in it. Any completely new car is liable to have bugs, particularly at the beginning of a production run, but occasionally the manufacturers produce a real clinker. These cars are responsible for some of the distrust that exists between motorist and repairman. In 1946, one of the big auto companies put out a line of cars that had faulty brakes. We spent some time hauling these cars out of ditches while trying to explain to the drivers who survived that the car was wrong — not the repairman. In 1954, a popular medium-price

car was sold in tens of thousands with a faulty manifold. That's the piece of cast metal to which the carburetor is bolted. This manifold fed gas into the engine at too low a temperature and caused constant stalling, particularly in traffic. I lost hundreds of dollars and many customers on that fault alone, before I found it was not my mechanics but the manifold that was faulty.

One of the worst of all repair problems is fortunately rare. This is the "lemon," a car which unhappily and accidentally combines dozens of parts at "outside tol-

erances." This means they are either a shade too tight or a shade too loose. There is no way of immediately recognizing a lemon except by largely indefinable clues. It may feel peculiar to steer. Its brakes may work strangely and its motor may not sound right. Nobody, not even a skilled mechanic, can instantly recognize one. In a normal production car, you would be very unlucky to get even one part at an "outside tolerance." You might even be unaware that it existed until a minor note in a repair bill showed it had been fixed.

But by the time the lemon has done twenty thousand miles, it's like an ordinary car that has done a hundred thousand miles. I regret to say there's nothing you can do except trade the car. Please don't bring it to me.

I wish I could convince every car owner that repairing his vehicle is often a miserable and unrewarding business. When you start interfering with the works of a car, it's like a doctor doing surgery. The original trouble may be patched up, but the shock of the operation may throw other parts out of kilter. This can make the repairman's life very difficult.

While one of my mechanics was tuning a customer's car recently he didn't notice the almost invisible piece of metal which broke off a screw thread and jammed in the carburetor. This unaccountably caused the car to work well on some days, but not on others. The car always tested well when the customer brought it to the garage — getting angrier each time.

Finally, I repeated the entire tuning process and found the piece of metal in a carburetor jet. It's hard to explain a thing like that to any customer. He went away mad, stayed away, and I suppose he tells a funny story about an inefficient and stupid garage operator.

The ignorance of the average driver about his car is a daily headache to the repairman. But when this ignorance is combined with apathy about safety, it's a real nightmare. There are thousands of perambulating junk heaps on Canadian roads at this moment. One of my mechanics calls them "accidents waiting for a place to happen."

The owner of one such car asked me to fix his "wobbling steering" last year. I said he needed half a dozen new parts and it would cost him about fifty-five dollars.

He laughed scornfully. "Listen, Mac," he said, "that car's been going for five years like that. It'll go for another five without no fifty-five dollars being spent on it." I never saw him again, but I heard he'd died on the Queen Elizabeth Highway when his car plowed into a concrete abutment.

Roadside safety checks by police have about a twenty-percent chance of locating real dangers in a car. The Garage Operators' Association of Ontario has tried for years to get tighter inspection but isn't anxious to be accused of getting police to round up customers for its members. Yet I'm not exaggerating when I say that any auto serviceman, out on the highway, can never quite rid himself of the nagging doubt that the next car whizzing toward him might be like one he has seen in his garage recently — tires worn suicidally thin, steering slack and wobbling, springs and shock absorbers broken.

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The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription.

Even if you can't protect yourself against dangerously decrepit oncoming cars, your best bet is to make sure you get a fair deal from a garageman you can trust.

When you're looking for the right man, make sure he has licensed mechanics (in most provinces their certificates will be framed and hung on the wall). Get a job quote before the work is begun. Insist on him telephoning you before doing additional repairs he might feel are needed. Make sure the garage is well equipped. (I have to maintain about fifteen thousand dollars' worth of testing equipment

to keep service reliable.) Make sure you get to know the man who is actually repairing your car. This personal relationship can straighten out misunderstandings when complications arise over repairs.

Let's face one hard fact: there are plenty of poor mechanics still left in the repair business, even though they're being weeded out gradually. You should be as careful picking your mechanic as you are choosing a dentist or doctor. Your mechanic, if he's topnotch, is a responsible citizen who personally owns more than a thousand dollars' worth of his own

hand tools which he uses in addition to all the testing machinery and tools provided by his boss. He has taken training courses on automatic transmissions and modern carburetion, which are additional to his apprenticeship training. He will have cars in his blood and will want to talk about your car and your problems with it.

Despite all this, I'm sorry to report that no garageman can ever hope to inspire one-hundred-percent trust among all his customers. Perhaps it's just as well he can't. One of my most faithful cus-

tomers called me recently to report she'd left her stalled car on Clifton Road at the height of the five-o'clock rush home. I raced up there, found the car was locked and blocking two lanes of traffic. I had to persuade the police not to impound the car or arrest me for creating a mammoth traffic jam.

I broke into the car, got it started and took it back to the garage. When my customer called me later, she said, "You know, for just one teeny weeny moment, I thought perhaps I'd done the wrong thing, leaving the car there, but then I told myself that of course Mr. Stapley would be able to handle everything."

Well, trust like that is touching. If I had a thousand customers like that, I'd go broke in a month. But it's worse when a customer trusts you and you let him down. One of my best customers is a sort of automotive hypochondriac. He worries about every rattle, ping, knock or sputter in his car.

One day he came into the shop and told me that his car was leaping sharply sideways. This didn't sound very likely so I took the car on a test run at a good speed and wrenched the steering back and forth to stress it thoroughly. It performed normally but within days the customer was back again with the same story. I told one of the mechanics to jack up the front of the car. To our astonishment, one of the wheels swung free and its linkages fell to the floor. To this day, my mechanics still argue that it is physically impossible for any car to be driven in that condition.

This incident seemed to prove that perhaps you can get to know the customer too well. An hour after this happened, another good customer rang me in a rage. "You just tuned my car and now it won't go," she stormed. It was on the tip of my tongue to say I would send a team of mechanics up to rebuild her car, if necessary, when something occurred to me. "Have you got the automatic transmission lever in neutral?" I asked. She came back to the phone a moment later. "I'm terribly sorry," she said.

I felt a bit happier after that. It proved that you've got to know the car and the customer equally well. I once attached a tranquilizer pill to a particularly large bill of a good customer. He sent his cheque back attached to a pack of weed killer loaded with arsenic.

In the tough business of repairing cars, you interpret a gesture like that as a compliment. ★

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A visit with the Russian Ambassador continued from page 25

"With a revolution brewing, young Aroutunian listened to older students talk of socialism"

looks like — wait I'll remember — the Fraser River country. Right? It is the Urals. And that one is like Muss . . . Muskoka. I believe it was done somewhere near Moscow."

During most of my interview with the ambassador, Mrs. Aroutunian remained in their two-bedroom apartment in the embassy. The building seemed as if empty. The photographer who was with me, Ken Bell, and I had been admitted by an intelligent-looking attractive young woman, who doubled her duties as switchboard operator with the responsibility of releasing the front-door lock. Except for the ambassador's family, his secretary and a servant who brought coffee, we saw no one else until we had said our farewells and were waiting inside the glass-windowed front doors for our taxi. Then several people brushed past us, coming and going with closed faces. A door beside us opened briefly, revealing a sparsely appointed office with maps on the walls.

Just as we were leaving, the ambassador's tiny son appeared, bundled roundly against the winter cold. He was escorted by a burly, thoroughly police-looking man whose face grew sharply anxious as we stooped to talk to the little boy. The child's tiny mittens dangled from the sleeves of his thick coat. I knelt and began pushing on one of the mitts, struggling to get the thumb in its proper compartment. The secret-service man — if that's what he was — knelt on the child's other side, having even more difficulty with the other mitten. When we had both succeeded, we grinned at one another, pleased with ourselves and simultaneously amused that the accomplishment that gave us such pleasure was so trivial.

"Sputnik" cigarettes

For a time when Dr. Aroutunian and I had begun our talk, his private secretary, Igor K. Laptev, a heavy-set blond man with a discreet face, sat with us. Laptev speaks English in a soft voice with only a slight trace of accent, sprinkling through his speech such colloquialisms as "okay." At the ambassador's suggestion, he left briefly and returned with gift packages of Soviet cigarettes for Ken Bell and me. Mine were in a midnight-blue box bearing in raised gold Russian lettering the word Sputnik. The design on the box was a gold satellite.

Laptev listened to the conversation for a few minutes more, then excused himself with courtly courtesy and departed.

"I was born in Baku," Dr. Aroutunian explained in answer to the question. "My father was an Armenian peasant who moved from his village to work in a shop in Baku. His brothers stayed in the village so every summer we went back. My father didn't want to cut his ties with the land. I was the only child; my two sisters had died. I don't know how; I didn't know them."

The boy was fiercely anxious to learn so his father paid his tuition in a czarist school. A revolution was brewing and the boy listened avidly as older students talked of socialism. At fourteen he was carrying leaflets to help them out.

"Were you really interested in the cause or did you do it because it was exciting?"

Dr. Aroutunian nodded. "You're right. For an active boy it was very interesting to be part of it, but I had good friends who explained to me what is what. And I saw soldiers firing into crowds of people."

"Were they justified, were the people rioting?"

"There is never justification for such shooting."

Shortly afterward, he was dismissed from school. "For carrying leaflets?"

"No, they never found the leaflets," replied Dr. Aroutunian with evident satisfaction. "It was for organizing a pupils' movement. We were asking for free education and student representation on the school board. I was doing some read-

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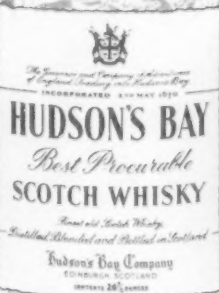
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Aye, and "Scottish Moor" coordinates (above) are fun and flatter-r-ing. "Quick-Care" cotton poplin in woven tartans: Black Watch (navy-green), Brodie (red-yellow), MacLachlan (blue-red), Forbes (black-white). Leisure Shirt of white combed cotton birdseye softens neckline with tartan scarf. S-M-L, \$4.95. Pushers have back zip for fit and a front half belt to cinch the high-rise waist; angled side pockets. 10-18, \$9.95.

"Tie Print" separates team up for the ever-popular Canaba set (left) in exclusive "Quick-Care" cottons in navy-blue, beige-rust, white-red. Easy fit, button front Shirt of broadcloth boasts such tailoring details as square collar with permanent stays and back of neck stand, and roomy breast pocket. S-M-L, \$7.95. Regular length Boxers of poplin have three-needle elasticized waist and drawstring for comfort and security. Full-knit inner construction; buttoned flap on coin pocket. 30-44, \$4.95.

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ing and finding things out for myself."

"Marx?"
"Yes."

The student then enrolled in a private school, owned and run by a group of liberal-minded citizens. The education was of a high order but the diplomas were not recognized by czarist universities.

"Fortunately," chuckled Dr. Aroutunian, "there was a revolution. I went on to Moscow University to study international economics, international law. After I graduated I got in a few years of additional work on my master's degree in economics. It took much more time to get a PhD in economics. It is not so easy in the Soviet to have a doctorate. I had to defend my, how do you say this... thesis? I had to defend my thesis before a board of very learned people."

For a time he was professor of economics at Moscow University and then worked with the Academy of Sciences, a research organization in the Institute of Economics. He wrote and edited several books on the history of economic development in the Soviet, writing and studying at home where he had collected a fine library, paintings by Armenian artists. His first wife, whom he met in university, was a pediatrician practicing at a research clinic. The couple had one child, a daughter Marina, who recently graduated from Moscow University and is now a student at the Institute for World Economics and International Relations.

"I started there too," Dr. Aroutunian commented.

"Is she as good as her father?"

"She's better than her father!" he retorted with pride.

About ten years ago, Dr. Aroutunian's first wife died. His present wife, whom he met six years ago, was the chief engineer in a ceramics factory employing about two hundred people. We discussed working wives.

"I think it is better for a marriage if a woman has her own interests," Dr. Aroutunian said, speaking carefully. "There is more interest in the family. A woman can't always be with children and kitchen. For a human being, life is more varied and wide. It is out of date for her to stay home."

"Is there not a danger of her dominating the household if she works?"

He grinned wickedly. "It depends on the relationship. Sometimes it can be a serious thing if the man is in control of the family."

He considered for a moment. "Marriages are not the same today as they were in medieval times. I didn't live then but I don't think it was as nice as it is being pictured now. Our reality is much better. All people are free to choose their own objectives in life."

"Then there is no inner dependency in the family."

"Certainly that's true," he nodded.

"There is no question there is less dependency now."

"Family life in the Soviet doesn't have the separate responsibilities that are part of family life in North America," he continued. "We don't separate members of a family. Children must be obedient, but parents must be fair. Punishment must not be exercised to interfere with education."

"Do you spank?"

He looked baffled. "What's that?"

"Hitting a child."

"No!" he answered forcefully. "We don't consider that human. If the child won't listen, it's because you can't find the key to his understanding. This is the most difficult part for parents. If they fall back on their authority, that's a fail-



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ure for them. We must always have friendly relations with children, particularly teenagers because they are becoming self-conscious human beings. Many parents don't see that frontier when a child becomes a teenager; they continue to treat him as a baby."

Dr. Aroutunian searched for an example of what he meant, found it. "When I was a professor in Moscow I had students who when they graduated became my colleagues. I couldn't treat them as students any more. It would have been awful if I did not then treat them as equals."

"You and your wife now have a two-year-old son. Dr. Aroutunian. How do you discipline him?"

"Well, he wants toys when he is eating. I say to him, 'You have to eat and you have to play, but you don't do these things together. At the table, you only eat.' I explain this to him once or twice and then he understands." The ambassador paused. "It sounds easy when you tell it," he mused, "but at the time it is difficult."

"Who handles the money in a Soviet family where both husband and wife are working?"

"There are no distinct areas of authority," as I said," he answered. "Money is less important in our life than here. We do not concentrate our education on making money. We believe each one should do good things for himself, for his family, for society—without consideration of whether what he does will earn two dollars an hour or five dollars."

He was quiet for a moment with a puzzled expression. "Here I see a boy of eight selling papers. Often he doesn't need the money. He is being trained from an early age to make money."

Dr. Aroutunian then told of a wealthy family in the United States who are friends of his. The children in this family are urged to earn money and bank it in a family account to draw against when buying gifts. The ambassador found this very odd. I explained that many families are concerned that their children develop independence and that this may have been the family's motive.

"Ah yes, I understand that it is very good to educate youngsters not to depend on their parents," agreed Dr. Aroutunian. "We do the same thing but we don't accent the earning of money but the doing of useful work. We try to educate a child to do as much as he can. We therefore have very proud young people."

The photographer, Ken Bell, was moving quietly around, taking pictures of what he later described as a "wonderfully mobile face." The bars of sunlight falling across our end of the room were growing shorter as noon approached. The embassy building was silent around us, as if deserted. The talk moved to the area of art.

"The arts are more sensitive to the feelings of people than anything else," Dr. Aroutunian observed thoughtfully. "I include poetry, music, as well as painting. The artists of our time are trying to understand the change in human life in order to reflect it. They go with the change and try to keep pace. But it goes so rapidly now that it is very difficult, very difficult."

"Do you regret these changes?"

He answered slowly. "It is not a matter to regret or not regret. It must be accepted as a development of life." He stopped and considered. "For engineers and scientists, it is much easier to go ahead with progress. But for philosophers, it is harder. They are frightened because they are far away, prisoners of their ideas and minds. And their ideas

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can already be . . . what is that word?"
 "Obsolete?"
 "Yes, that's it. Obsolete."
 "It's a sad word."
 "Is it? Perhaps so."
 "What's diplomacy?" the ambassador was asked.
 "It's international relations," he replied, adding with a grin, "It has a broad meaning."
 "Sometimes it seems to mean evasions."
 "Surely sometimes it means evasions." He told a story about two diplomats from

countries opposed in policy who met for lunch. They greeted one another with "Good afternoon," sat down and ate in silence, parting with "Good-bye." The luncheon was later described as a demonstration of friendly relations. Said Dr. Aroutunian, "That's diplomacy too." He seemed to find this story marvellously absurd.
 "Besides similar landscapes, what have Canada and Russia in common?"
 "We have the same problems in developing natural resources," the ambassador replied promptly. "Canada's rate

of industrial development is the highest in the western world. You are growing very rapidly in your own environment, as we are."
 He hunched over his clasped hands. "I have a real desire to accomplish something in international friendship. I am going to work in Canada for a better mutual understanding. Some Canadians believe that the Soviet is hostile. Nothing could be farther from the truth. We have nothing in our mind against Canada. We don't want to fight with the United States . . ."

"But if you do, Canada is involved."
 Dr. Aroutunian's expression sharpened. "You can be neutral, can't you? Then you're out of it. If you come in, that's your decision."
 The sunlight seemed to lose its warmth. We asked if Mrs. Aroutunian and their son could join us and the ambassador left to find her. In a few minutes he was back and in a moment his wife appeared with two-year-old Hovanes, named for her grandfather, Hovanes Toumanyan, one of the greatest of Armenian poets. Little Hovanes, a big-eyed child on the brink of shyness, was reminded of his manners by his parents, who spoke to him softly and reassuringly in Armenian. He approached the strangers slowly, but steadily, and shook hands. He then retreated to sit by his mother.

Mrs. Aroutunian is a composed woman, with inner quiet. She wears her hair drawn severely back from a plainly beautiful face with little make-up. She speaks Russian, Armenian and some French but, as yet, little English. Her husband translated when she was asked if she missed her work. She said she did, very much.

"Does it give you a sense of emptiness or uselessness because you are not working?"

"She says," the ambassador explained after a flurry of Armenian, "that she feels it is necessary for her to learn English right now. It takes a great deal of her time but she enjoys it."

"She is a true diplomat's wife."
 Dr. Aroutunian laughed. "Of course," he said, looking pleased.

A male servant in a white jacket brought in a tray and set it on the table before us. It bore a soft gleaming silver coffee pot and astonishing cups, lined in gold and crusted on the outside like Ukrainian Easter eggs. With these was a red lacquer box containing chocolates and a plate of tiny chocolate bars wrapped in foil. Hovanes stared, but did not touch.

"What do you want for your son?" I asked.

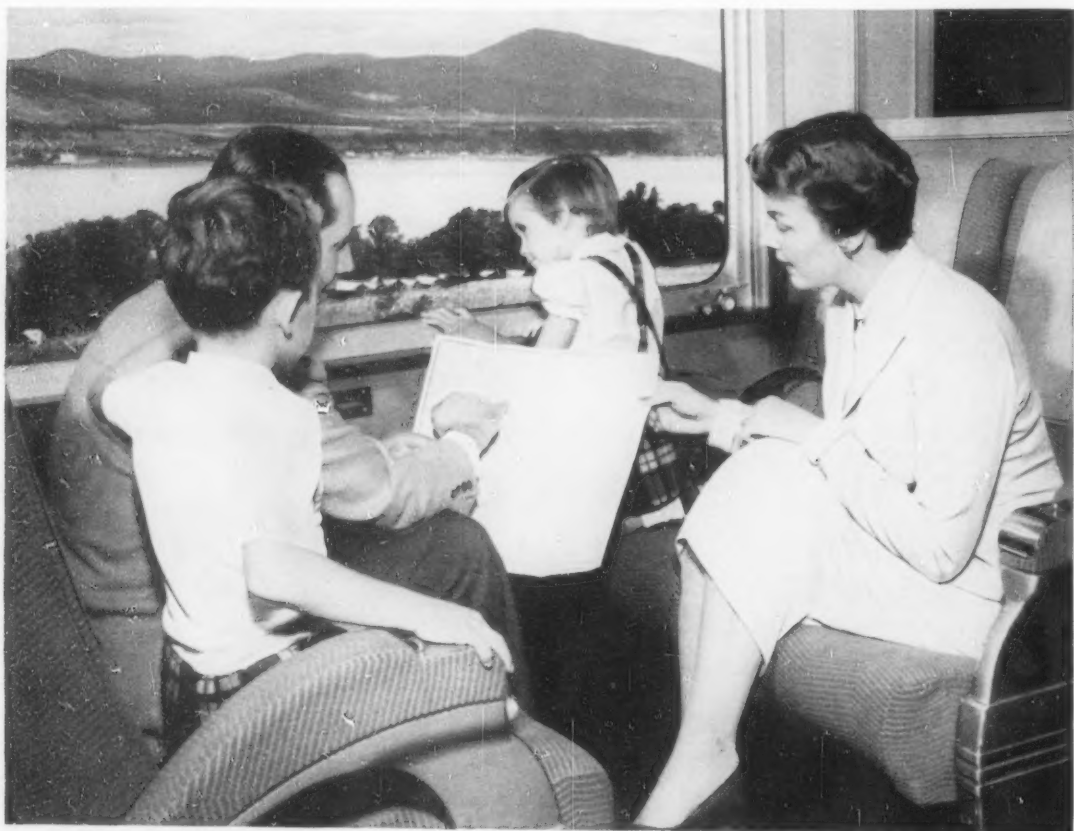
"The best world," said his father immediately.

"What's that?"

"Well, do you think men should always fight one another? I don't. I work for friendly relations. I'm sure the people of Canada, the American people, as well as the Soviet people, want no war. And right now there are all possibilities of starting to resolve international problems by negotiation. Canada at present can take the initiative among her allies to bring the Cold War to an end. I hope there will never be any trouble."

"If I didn't believe this," he added, with heavy sincerity, "we would not have had a son."

The room was quiet, the sunlight felt warm again and the little boy, though not understanding, smiled at the strangers. ★



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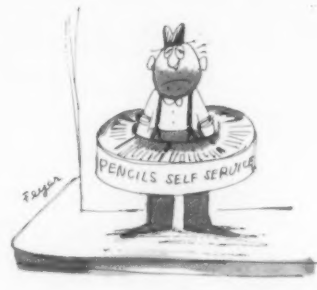
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"A certain wild splendor . . . a workshop of art . . . the focus of a revolution"

city. It has already produced, in an explosion of celluloid, the Empire of Euphoria, the High Forum of the Phony, the Mecca of the Mediocre. And yet, for all its unequaled triumph of vulgarity, it has produced a certain wild splendor, too, a magnet of genius, a mighty workshop of art and the focus of a social revolution.

All this, and much more, has been achieved by a combination of three things—climate, soil and a cunning arrangement of photographic images on a screen. Of the three, the images are by far the most important for America and the world; also, the least understood.

Not since the invention of printing has the human mind been exposed to the kind of pressure which Hollywood is now beginning, and only beginning, to exert with a new and more penetrating image. Will the effect of the current motion-picture revolution on the larger revolution of society be good, bad or indifferent?

That question, more than any other, had brought me here and Richardson knew where we should get a full answer. Next afternoon, therefore, we repaired to the awesome home, office and battle headquarters of Hollywood's most influential, or at any rate most feared, personage.

Miss Louella Parsons, erratic arbiter of motion pictures, confessor of stars, tattletale-in-chief of America and high priestess of a mysterious arcanum since the hair-pant days, had installed herself in a fitting temple, bathed its stucco walls with orange floodlights, filled it with unbelievable gilt trappings, equipped it with a gaudy barroom in black and white leather; and, just outside a huge window in clear, accusatory view of her drinking friends, this teetotaler and devout Catholic had erected a marble, life-size statue of the Virgin Mary, also floodlighted.

Though not far off seventy, I guessed, and long a sorrowing widow, she was still a handsome woman, skilfully preserved. Her angular, well-shaped face had been made up with expert precautions, her hair convincingly tinged in something like the orange floodlight color that she seemed to favor, and her long, Chinese dress of vividly embroidered silk made her stand out like a scarlet flower against the black-and-white barroom.

As she talked I found I liked her and I pitied her. Uneasy lay the orange head that wore the crown of celluloid—the tyrant of the trivial, the mastermind of everything that doesn't matter, the dedicated prophetess of the banal. Hollywood incarnate.

What, I asked, had been the net effect of the motion picture on society? Had it been constructive or the reverse?

A simple question but Miss Parsons' melancholy eyes looked at me as if I had asked something more complex than nuclear physics. No such question, I felt sure, had ever entered that busy mind before. Her reply was astounding in its irrelevance.

"Well," she said, after some moments' thought, "we're very proud to hear that Jimmy Stewart may be made a general, and Irene Dunne was once a delegate to the United Nations."

She couldn't think, nor could Hollywood, of the motion picture as a massive social phenomenon. She could think of it only as a collection of personalities,

a family portrait, an endless frolic, a perpetual premiere.

There were good movies and bad. She went on in such a listless tone that I could no longer believe her reputation as a very hell-cat of pugnacity. She deplored

the newer pictures on such themes as homosexuality. Some of the movie advertisements were suggestive and might harm adolescents.

With a forlorn sigh Miss Parsons confessed that she couldn't answer my ques-

tion. She just didn't know. In nearly four decades of scoop and scandal it was plain that she had yet to find out what the motion picture was about. And she was too honest to say she had.

Richardson and I retreated into the hellish neon night of Los Angeles without an answer to our question.

On the following day, however, we faced, in an opulent office, among a medley of Oscars and other mementoes, a man who must know all the answers. Yet again even this powerful and highly intelligent figure could give me nothing

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more than a threadbare party line.

"Of course," he said, with an unconvincing air of confidence, "the motion picture has been a good and wonderful influence on society. It has done more for democracy in America than any other thing of our time. It has advertised democracy everywhere else in the world. Go to Europe or Asia or Africa and you'll see how the people envy us after they see our pictures. They see America and the chance of a better life. That is the message of the motion picture."

Privately I doubted, from my own travels, that envy and a harsh contrast of living standards were the best method of making friends for American democracy; but I was here only to ask questions.

Did the motion picture give a true picture of American civilization? Well, not exactly, the great executive admitted. Necessarily the motion picture gave a "heightened" version of life—not distorted, just "heightened."

"It gives," he said, "a dramatic image. So it must. And don't we all? Why, every man must make a dramatic image of himself part of the time or life would be no fun. That's all the motion picture does and that's its proper business."

I thought a much better defense could be made of his craft but the executive didn't make it. My questions seemed to disturb him, as if he had never faced them before. He was one of the most educated, intelligent and sensitive men I had ever met and a fellow of infinite jest. Nevertheless, the more I questioned him the more I realized that he had never reasoned through the real meaning and consequence of the machine now moving smoothly all around him.

"When you speak," he said, "about the motion picture as a social force—whatever that may be—you have to remember that we're dealing here with the unknown and gambling our shirts on it every day."

Why unknown?

"Because we never know what we've got. We invest a fortune in a picture or a star but we can't tell whether the deal will pay off. Often it doesn't."

"Take Katharine Hepburn, for instance. We saw the first rushes of *A Bill of Divorcement* and thought we might have something. We decided to build Hepburn up with publicity. We planned to show her in a bathing suit, and eating her breakfast and brushing her teeth. We figured it would be a tough job to build a star who had no measurements, no looks, nothing you could call sex."

"See what happened! She'd no sooner hit the screen than the world went crazy about her. She had everything. Yes, but what it was I'm damned if I know to this day."

It was ridiculous, he protested, to assume that he or anyone could make a star by spending money on build-up, and equally ridiculous to suppose that a woman could become a star merely because she had a pretty face and a voluptuous body.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that Monroe has nothing but her looks and figure? Why, we could take ten thousand better-looking women, with better figures, and we couldn't do anything with them. No, there's something else. Don't ask me what it is. Nobody knows. It's just a something that comes through and sets the public on fire."

"The fact is," he affirmed, "that a star must stand on his own feet. Oh, there are a few tricks all right, mostly defensive. You remember how Monroe was haunted in her early days by her nude photograph on a calendar? The studio licked that problem in one sentence. When she was asked why she had posed naked she

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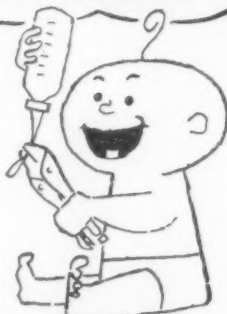
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simply said, 'Because I was hungry.' There you had a masterpiece of public relations. Because she was hungry! The public understood in a flash. The nude picture did her no harm. Even real scandal rarely does a star any harm.

"The morals of actors and actresses," he declared judiciously, as if he were analyzing the virtues of some commercial product like a new car or washing machine, "are average. They behave like everybody else. The public doesn't expect them to be better than it is. Did scandal hurt Lana Turner? Not a bit."

Then, discussing the stars rather like children who must be treated kindly but never taken seriously, he laid down an interesting dictum: "The public likes to hear that the stars are human and fall in love and sometimes turn up in the wrong bed. Their love life is a positive asset at the box office. But it's a very different thing to be caught in some little act of meanness. If a star does something malicious, some dirty little trick to harm somebody else, that can be ruinous."

From his mental card index the executive pulled some exhibits for my information. Susan Hayward, for instance, had no sex appeal but she had talent. Miss Debbie Reynolds had neither in significant quantities but she had something else—she was the nice, clean-cut, lovable girl next door. Mr. Gary Cooper had made a career of practiced shyness, he was the image of a simple cowboy with heart of gold—whose hands were always in the way, whose feet shuffled awkwardly but, oh, so effectively on the ground—"the best dirt kicker in the business."

He said the motion picture not only had been vastly improved to compete with television but had been basically altered in method. "The system is dying. Today the play's the thing, as it should be. If your script is no good no star can save the show. So we're doing better shows, putting more money into them, more thought, more talent."

"We used to figure the audience was fourteen years old. Now we aim at an imaginary group mentally between the ages of eighteen and thirty. The audience has grown up very fast, along with the picture. And look how the old taboos are breaking down. We can now discuss homosexuality, for example, a social problem, a legitimate theme. We're getting closer to life all the time."

He ended on a hopeful note: "People who say television will kill the motion picture forget that tomorrow morning, maybe, down the street will come another great story or another great star and we're off to the races again. Besides, television is the motion picture. Go and see for yourself how it's made."

Before accepting his invitation into the holy of holies I heard a much better defense of motion pictures from a scholarly, nervous man who had been writing them since 1920 and had long since been graduated in his art *cum laude* and the required stomach ulcer.

"Sure, we turn out a lot of sorry stuff," he said, "but some good stuff comes through, more and more of it. I think of our product as candy but we manage to put some vitamins into it and they're swallowed unconsciously."

As an illustration, he told of hunting every year in Montana where the natives used to talk of nothing but game, cattle, weather and crops. Last autumn, however, he had entered a bunkhouse in the mountains to find the cowboys arguing about the ballet. They had seen it, of course, on television.

"They'd never have seen ballet and many other things without the film," the writer said. "Now they're seeing the

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whole world and everyone in it. That's disguised education but it's education just the same. Or culture, if you like. We hoke it up all right but so did Shakespeare. You have to, if you're going to reach the groundlings. Still, something useful rubs off. And it's only a beginning."

Another writer agreed that it was just the beginning and he was terrified of the end.

"The important thing," said this man of brilliant talent and troubled conscience, "is not whether shows are good or bad but the fact that they're always a show. What's the effect on a society that lives several hours a day not in life but in a show? I'm not worried about sex and bustlines and bedroom scenes—the public will get bored with them. What worries me is that we're making America into one continual show—always with a happy ending. We're keeping its mind off the hard facts of life that don't usually end that way. The show used to be an occasional hour of harmless entertainment. Now we've made it a way of life."

Government, he protested, was becoming a show, statesmen were judged mainly as actors, businessmen were hiring public-relations experts to give them an image like a Hollywood star, housewives looked into the mirror hoping to see Elizabeth Taylor, teen-age girls expected some handsome male like Bill Holden to father their children, boys wanted a wife built like Mansfield, newspapers were crammed with movie and TV gossip.

"We like to pretend," he added, "that we're opening a window on life. No, we're pulling down the blinds and turning out the lights and converting the whole damn human species into a pack of gaping morons in a dark room. How long can democracy stand that drug? Nothing like that has ever happened to man before. The invention of printing had no power like this. I tell you society is in a flight from itself and we're providing the womb for it to pop back into. Technically Hollywood represents an advance. Spiritually it represents a retreat, a rout."

(As this disenchanted and quite untypical American was speaking, a purely Canadian notion crossed my mind. If we are worried in Canada about American penetration perhaps we should be watching the studios of Hollywood more than the Pentagon or Wall Street.)

Before I had finished this rather futile enquiry I spent an evening with a man who has been one of Hollywood's greatest stars for thirty years. You know his face as well as your own. What surprised me was not that he neither drank, smoked nor philandered and in his sixties was still an athlete but that he had never paused to think what he and his kind might be doing to the life of America.

The question was new to him, he admitted, and because he was a thoughtful man it troubled him. He regarded his craft, he said, only as entertainment, a legitimate business though not very important. He was an entertainer not a statesman, psychologist or sociologist. To be sure, he said, a little defensively, the motion picture didn't present life as it really was but "dramatized." What harm could that do anybody?

Still, our talk of six hours seemed to shake him somewhat. He agreed that American society was in a bad way and, indeed, he argued as a keen amateur farmer and conservationist that his country was destroying its resources and going the way of many civilizations now dead. Perhaps the rage for entertainment had something to do with this madness.

Next morning, when I saw him again,

gardening in torn overalls and patched shirt, he told me he had thought overnight about Hollywood's impact on his country's disordered mind. But what could he do about it? He was only a cog in a gigantic machine. At least he had been thinking of these things, apparently for the first time. Among many able and artistic men I found few others who had ever thought about them.

I decided to take the executive's advice and talk to some of the men who manage them as a practical business. But in the crowded restaurant where they entertained me at lunch it was impossible to escape the air of make-believe.

Listening carefully to expert instruction, I was distracted by the most celebrated faces of our time, actors who agitated the female heart, actresses whose beauty and anatomy lighted the male libido the world over. Yet there was something wrong with make-believe at close quarters.

All these men and women, so glorious and superhuman on the screen, looked quite ordinary over a bowl of soup or a hamburger. If you hadn't seen their faces twenty feet square and technicolored on celluloid you wouldn't give them a second glance.

As I watched them out of the corner of my eye, eating, talking and behaving like anybody else, I remembered J. B. Priestley's acute verdict on Hollywood—its shadow is larger and more real than its substance.

It seemed to me, in fact, that its shadow was its substance. The dreams so cleverly built for sale to others had become the builders' own reality. They had constructed a make-believe world and now believed it themselves. More than their customers, they were the captives of their myth. That restaurant was their private planet.

Crosby shows his age

Hollywood, my host told me, had lately cut its production of motion pictures for the theatre by about half, and theatre attendance had dropped last year to about forty million a week from sixty-six million ten years ago.

"That's hard to take," he admitted, "but it's a transition phase. The future of the motion picture is not in the theatre. It's in the home, through television. That raises interesting problems."

(Mr. Bing Crosby entered the restaurant but no one seemed to notice him. Seating himself at the table next to ours, he drummed on it nervously with his fingers and hummed a little tune. His rather sad face, under its buff grease paint, was tense and bore traces of age. Among his fellow workers it was unnecessary to maintain his professional posture and registered trade mark as America's Blithe Spirit.)

"Our problem," the expert went on, "is technical and economic. Technically we need and we'll soon have a completely new kind of television. There'll be a screen rolled down to cover the living-room wall. Its image—in color, of course—will be as true as the image in a theatre. The living room will be the theatre—better pictures, a far bigger audience, more time spent looking at the screen, more impact on everybody. But the economic revolution is more difficult.

"Television," said the expert, "is already at a standstill, in its present form. It can't get any more money from advertising and the money it gets isn't nearly enough to make a good product. We put a million, five million or ten into a motion picture. The average budget of a television show is about thirty thousand dollars, and when you've paid the star

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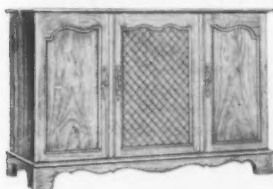


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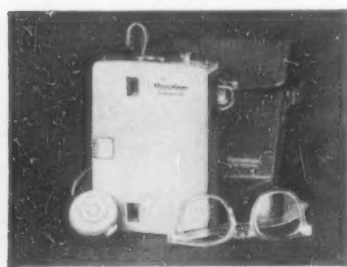


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maybe four thousand dollars and the writer fifteen hundred there's not enough left to make a good show. We need a lot more money and we're going to get it."

(Mr. Henry Fonda came through the door, well disguised in a white plaster cast covering his entire head. He had not been in an accident, only in a hospital scene.)

"Television must get its money from the viewer, direct. That means pay TV, inevitably. How soon it'll come we don't know but it must come and we're banking on it. When you drop a quarter in the slot for an evening's program, or maybe a dollar for a big production, that'll be cheap entertainment for the whole family, cheaper than the theatre, and it'll put television on its feet. That's Hollywood's future—the same industry but selling its product through a new and richer outlet, and selling it to everybody in the world."

(The economist paused to inform me that the gentlemen who had joined Mr. Crosby were Sammy Cahn, Jimmy Van Heusen and several other song writers who represented, at one table, assets worth many millions. Mr. Crosby was not impressed. He patted a passing small boy on the head and kept humming nervously to himself.)

"Last year fifty-four percent of Hollywood's earnings came from foreign countries. Exports were a life saver when television hit us. To sell them we have to make a global product, as acceptable in London, Paris or Bombay as it is in America. That takes planning."

(Some radiant creatures wove their way through the crowd, clad in evening gowns, ski suits, nurses' uniforms and Japanese kimonos. I seemed to recognize their faces but could put no names to them.)

"The motion picture has become a single package deal. You get a script, preferably a proved property like a best-selling book or a Broadway hit. You get a director and a star—he must usually be a male star, I don't quite know why, before the bank will lend you a nickel. If the script is good and the director reliable the bank looks at the star and asks what his last picture grossed. No star is any better at the bank than his last picture."

(My eye, like any normal male eye, wandered to that table of luscious womanhood. One of these ladies, I guessed, was Miss Leslie Caron because she resembled Gigi, and another must have been Miss Debbie Reynolds because she resembled the girl next door.)

"If the bank likes your package you get the money. And since the male star is in the driver's seat a dozen or so of these fellows have held the industry up for unbelievable wages or a cut in the profits. It's been a sort of quiet, polite, unofficial strike. So far they've won but as a business proposition it's crazy."

After all this technical instruction I had yet to see the actors of Hollywood at work but they must wait. An even more notable actor from Washington, D.C., was in town that night and Richardson insisted that I meet him.

A few blocks from the studio my friend, though he had lived here since 1910, got hopelessly lost in a metropolitan maze more than five hundred miles square, the habitation of nearly six million people who will be ten million within two decades as the largest migration of human history streams into the nation's catch-basin of southern California.

If it is not yet an organic city Los Angeles is already a tragedy for its older inhabitants, who watch their unique and happy civilization overwhelmed by mass invasion.

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Finding myself at last in the Ambassador Hotel, I expected to see there a touch of reality. Nothing, surely, could be more real, practical, earthy and American than the vice-president of the United States. He wasn't, though, not that night, not in Los Angeles.

Mr. Nixon entered the banquet hall, smiling, boyish and bashful, in the blue shirt required for television, a suit not too well pressed and (as I was assured by an expert) a slight, almost imperceptible make-up. He was ready for his act. But when I was introduced to him I found a warmth and attraction that I could never have believed possible from his photographs and legend.

Under the cameras and cruel klieg lights he put on a show of technical perfection, a truly stupendous feat of impromptu answers to unexpected questions from the newspapermen, a cold but dazzling summary of the real issues before the nation, all in flawless English and immaculate syntax. I had never seen the equal of this show.

There was the point of the whole occasion — it was a show, in method essentially the same show which Hollywood uses to make money and a contemporary statesman must use to make votes; in fact, just another and improved television show, a "heightened" version of politics. Nixon's listeners were clearly judging him as an actor in a contrived stage setting, and as an actor he did not reach their emotions, only their heads.

Despite his technical perfection his failure of stagecraft, not of mentality, may cost him the presidency, but as a foreigner I was not concerned with American politics. I was interested only in this local demonstration of a profound and new fact of our times: no statesman, in any country, can escape the terrible compulsion of a visual medium which tends more and more to make politics not a process of reason but a spectacle of entertainment.

What Hollywood has done to entertainment, as entertainment, may not be very important. What it is doing to government is rather terrifying. That night, at any rate, the play was the thing.

Even while Mr. Nixon was speaking cameramen prowled about the room to photograph the motion picture stars in the audience. An actress close to me whipped the spectacles from her nose and grinned toothily as the flashlight bulb exploded. The second citizen of the land might be talking about peace and war but the show must go on.

When we reached Richardson's house he showed me the early editions of tomorrow's newspaper. The big news was not of international affairs, national politics or Mr. Nixon's speech. Instead, the front pages were splashed with pictures of Miss Reynolds, Miss Taylor and Mr. Eddie Fisher who, in the usual grimy triangle, had that day arranged the latest Hollywood divorce.

During the peaceful night of Arcadia a burglar shot two policemen in the next block. That news was too common and routine to make the front pages but as we prepared to visit the sound stages where the motion picture is born, Richardson produced a final exhibit.

On the latest front page appeared a six-column photograph of Miss Lana Turner and the daughter who had previously dispatched the mother's gangster boy friend. Parent and child (undamaged by scandal as the executive had assured me) were shown "arriving for the press premiere of the star's newest picture." And the title of that picture summed up in three words the mind, method and mystery of Hollywood. The title was: Imitation of Life. ★



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An artist comes home continued from page 21

have for those who will be interesting, controversial, or put themselves outside the pale, regular round of everyday.

Once, Beny told a reporter that in Canada he usually described himself as an architect, to seem more respectable.

"I still have the feeling, whenever I'm in Canada, that people don't treat the artist as a recognized member of society," Beny explained.

On another occasion, when opening a show of his paintings in New York, Beny brought his favorite model to the opening. Because her furs were in storage (he said), he was forced to dress her in his gold velvet bedspread, a ploy that got a certain amount of attention and may have helped him sell over five thousand dollars' worth of paintings in the show's first week.

Beny has been conscious of this need for a good public front for years. He changed his name, for example, because he feels his real name, Wilfred Roy Beny, simply wouldn't do for a serious artist. Wilfred is wrong, Wilf is too casual, Roy is a name he doesn't like. So about 1946 he decided to become Roloff, using his mother's maiden name. In 1947 he was still Wilfred Beny, in 1948 Wilfred Roloff, in 1949 W. Roloff, and by 1950 Roloff Beny. "It was very difficult to accomplish," he recalls, "and some of my old friends still call me Wilf."

For some years Beny's reputation rested entirely on his paintings, drawings and engravings. He won early recognition, including a scholarship to study at the University of Iowa in 1945, and a Guggenheim fellowship in 1954.

But by this time he was already embarked on a new tack. While sketching in Greece on his first trip there he had been annoyed by the groups of children who gathered wherever he set up his easel. To avoid them he bought a second-hand camera and began photographing the scenes he intended to paint later. The use of the camera, casual at first, soon grew, and between 1954 and the present Beny has taken thousands of photographs around the Mediterranean. Lately he has begun to photograph people as well.

Beny is a better photographer than he is a painter, according to some critics. The distinction annoys him. "The question of whether I am more a photographer than an artist is beginning to bore me," he said in *Medicine Hat* on a visit last February. "The camera is just another means of expression, as is paint on a canvas. I do not consider myself a photographer from the usual professional standpoint. I don't know, nor do I understand the usual jargon that goes with

photography. A camera to me is just another avenue of expression of art." But he confessed that he had recently discovered the commercial potentialities.

It is Beny's training as a painter that makes his camera work so good. But though his introduction to the medium was undoubtedly casual, his present protestations of innocence are to be taken lightly. He knows what he's doing. For two years, for example, he was a highly successful New York fashion photographer, though he did the work under an assumed name and would rather not talk about it. "I learned quite a bit from it," he says, "and made a pile of money."

Today Beny lives a cosmopolitan existence. He divides his time between Rome, which he considers his home, and where he has taken a lease on a modest eleven-room apartment that overlooks the Tiber; and New York, where he maintains an apartment just off Park Avenue. He is also building a Japanese studio in the basement of his father's home in Lethbridge, "preparing for the time I will be spending in Canada in the next few years."

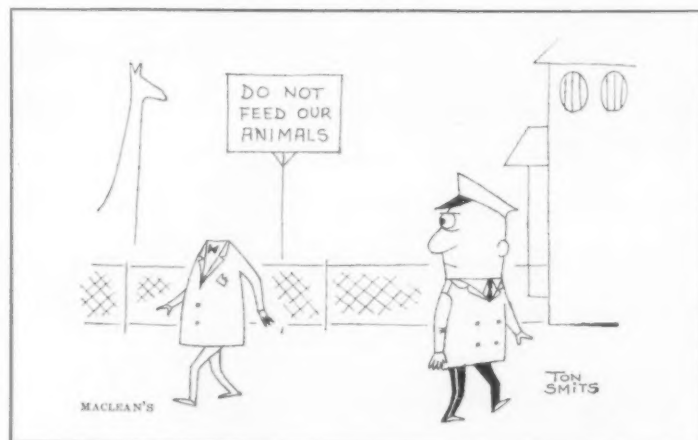
Lethbridge is about as close as he comes to having a home town, and on it he has left his mark. Beny paintings hang in the Beny automobile showrooms, "probably the only art gallery of its kind in Canada," he says. While Beny's father may not be completely convinced that painting is a secure career both he and Mrs. Beny are enthusiastic collectors of their son's work, buying the paintings at the same prices any collector would pay. And it was in Lethbridge that Beny produced his first book, a collection of lithographs titled *An Agean Notebook*. Beny designed the book himself and had it produced at a local press, where they managed to handle *The Notebook* and a book on pig hatcheries at the same time. The *Agean Notebook* came in two editions, a deluxe for \$100 and a standard for \$25. Both soon sold out.

But Lethbridge is really only where his parents live, and an occasional stopping place for Beny. He has no intention of making it, or any other spot in Canada, his home for some time to come. He escaped from the west through his work and it is his work that keeps him moving.

A few years ago someone asked him whether he considered himself a painter or a worker.

"A worker," he sighed. "I am a worker."

And, in good Canadian fashion, to the worker have gone the spoils. ★



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Teenagers do well in driving tests, "but what they do when they're on their own is something else"

four dollars. If the youth drives his own car, the policy costs seventy-eight dollars. When the company decides the driver is an assigned risk the premium rises another three dollars. Those premiums are based, of course, on accident

statistics, and the insurance companies contend they are actually being generous.

Last year Ontario's 112,000 teenage drivers piled up accidents at the rate of nearly eleven for every million miles they drove. Drivers aged forty-five to

forty-nine were involved in just over one and a half accidents per million miles.

In Manitoba, every hundred teenage drivers were involved in an average of nine accidents last year, compared with five and a half accidents among every

hundred drivers aged thirty-five to forty-four. And those figures do not take into account the fact that the older group drove nearly twice the annual mileage of the youngsters, and therefore had a greater exposure to potential accidents.

In British Columbia, teenage drivers are only one twelfth the driving population, but they make up more than a quarter of the drivers whose licenses were suspended for major violations.

The real tragedy of the teenagers' bad driving record is that it is not caused by an inability to drive well. Traffic-safety experts point out, with some exasperation, that teenagers' sight, muscular coordination and reflexes are at their peak. Driving-school operators testify that teenage boys learn the techniques of driving in half as many lessons as older persons. In Ontario's driving tests, more teenagers pass at first try than do older candidates.

"But then they're on their best behavior to pass the test," said one official. "What they do when they get the permit and drive off on their own is something else."

Girls have good records

Youthfulness alone does not make drivers accident-prone. Teenage girls, for example, have very low accident records (lower even than their fathers or grandfathers). In Ontario teenage girls make up nearly two percent of all licensed drivers but are involved in fewer than one percent of accidents. Male teenagers number just over five percent of all drivers but get into more than twelve percent of the accidents.

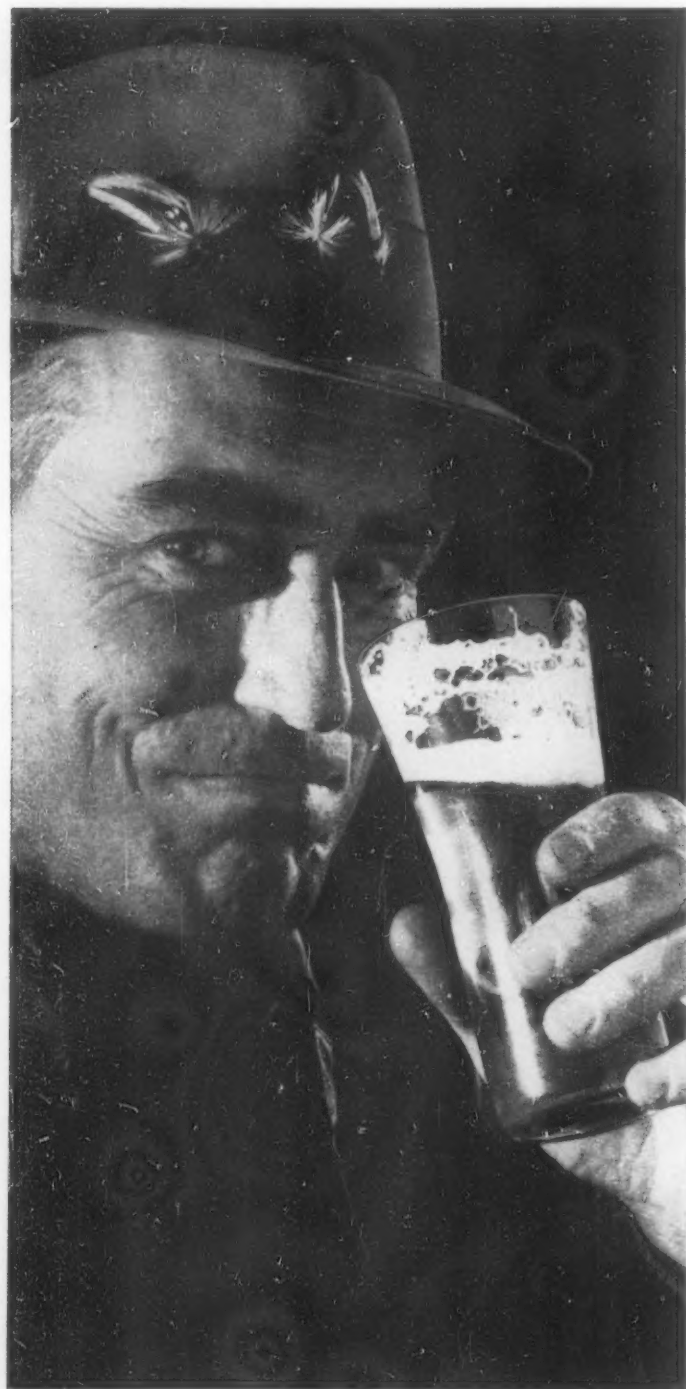
Insurance companies rate a sixteen-year-old girl as more than twice as safe a driver as a man of twenty-four. Girls are not charged extra premiums, but males under twenty-five are lumped with teenage boys as undesirable risks, except that they are seldom relegated to the most costly (assigned risk) category unless their individual driving records deserve it.

The formula for recklessness, then, appears to be male-plus-youth. This is borne out by accident statistics, which show that male drivers are involved in fewer and fewer accidents as they get older.

The diagnosis of reckless driving, most investigators now agree, can be pinpointed in one word: immaturity. And there is strong evidence that maturity, in the form of safe driving habits and attitudes, can be taught to teenagers by such means as high-school driving courses and organized car clubs that devote a great deal of time to "brain-washing" members into safe driving attitudes.

In Manitoba, graduates of driving courses in three high schools were found to have an accident rate one eighth that of the average driver in the province. In British Columbia graduates of high-school driving courses had an accident rate of twenty-seven per thousand drivers, compared with sixty-nine for all B.C. drivers.

School grades: Perhaps the most startling survey in a survey-ridden world was carried out this year by principal Willis Nelson of Madison High School, in Rexburg, Idaho. He studied the scholastic grades of senior students over a four-year period and found:



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Not one A-average student drove a car to school, but cars were driven by fifteen percent of B-average students; forty-one percent of C-average students; seventy-one percent of D-average students; and eighty-three percent of students who failed.

Nelson reported his findings to parent-teacher groups, the school board, town council and other civic groups. Campaigns were launched to stop students from driving to school. Parents signed pledges to support the movement. Ministers preached sermons on the subject. In a few weeks Nelson reported that student driving had been reduced "drastically" and scholastic averages had risen.

About the same time principal Edwin Anderson of the high school at Prosser, Wash., made a similar survey and found a similar correlation between driving and school grades.

"When I was in grade eleven at Bathurst Heights Collegiate," one suburban Toronto girl recalls, "there were five boys who owned cars and five who had to repeat their year—the same five."

Principal William J. Houston of North Toronto Collegiate suggested that, rather than cars making poor students, poor students acquire cars to get prestige.

But Robert J. Cochrane, principal of Winnipeg's Kelvin High School, in upper-income River Heights, disagrees. He says student driving has "a detrimental effect on academic standings, even with good students." The student driver, Cochrane says, is likely to be used by his friends as a means of transportation to sport and social events, and his homework usually suffers. He may also waste much of his spare time tinkering with his car.

A boy who made excellent grades at high school in Vancouver moved to Toronto with his parents, bought a car and failed twice. Faced with ineligibility for university, he sold his car (to a wrecking yard for twenty-five dollars) and caught up with his lost studies in a year of intensive work.

Not all boys misuse car ownership, of course. In every school there are boys who use cars exactly as adults do—as essential transportation during the week and for pleasure on weekends and holidays.

One teenager suggests that cars have another advantage: "We're living in a

technological age. Surely a kid who fools around with a car will make a better engineer or technician than one who gets As in academic subjects."

But educators don't agree. Dean R. R. McLaughlin of the University of Toronto's faculty of engineering says: "We're always hearing about boys who love to take things apart and therefore should make good engineers. But that's a superficial skill, not likely to be related to the qualities that make a good engineer."

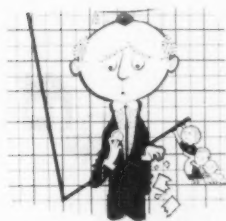
An enthusiastic car-tinkerer might well

make a good technician. But the typical teenage driver doesn't qualify. A department head of one of Canada's largest technical schools says: "I was amazed when I came from England to teach mechanical technology how few Canadian boys with cars knew or cared what went on under the hood. Most of them are more interested in what the car can do for them than in what they can do for the car."

Physical fitness: When the Canadian Sports Advisory Council, representing

Canada's sports governing bodies, sent an urgent brief to the federal government asking for action to counter "a truly dangerous trend in the physical development of Canadians," it had this to say:

"The motor car, which has taken people off their feet, has been far from good from a physical standpoint. We all know what can happen to a strong man's muscles when put in a cast for a few weeks. The mechanical age has been putting Canadians, particularly our youth, in the cast of physical inactivity for too long. Our international reputation in



THE PROFESSIONS: 17

The Statistician

Eight statisticians out of ten
Are blue-eyed, thirty-seven, men,
Married, college graduates, called
J. Wilbur, Protestant, and bald;

Own six-room homes, one-half a car,
And two and one-third kids—but are
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Mavor Moore

...but the second nicest part of the trip was...

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sports and games is at a low ebb. Scientific studies reveal that frequently flabby muscles are accompanied by flabbier wills and the lack of moral courage. Obesity is fast becoming a serious problem among children as well as adults. Lack of physical activity is one of the most important factors in the frequency of creeping overweight."

The brief warns that increasing mental illness, degenerative diseases like heart trouble, and the lack of stamina of servicemen and civilian workers are caused by "mechanical living" to the point of endangering the nation's welfare.

Lloyd Percival, who claims to have trained and tested more athletes than any other Canadian and advises tens of thousands of Canadian youngsters through radio's Sports College, is a sworn enemy of cars for teenagers.

"Whenever I see one of my athletes turn up for practice in his own car for the first time, I see trouble ahead," said Percival. One of his top young athletes became a mediocre performer for a year after he got his first car. Then he got rid of the car and has since worked his way back to his former peak.

Percival maintains that the number of teenagers taking an active part in sports has been halved since "going places in a car has become more glamorous than being a football star. Twelve to fifteen percent of high-school students used to be athletes. Now it's five to six percent. In my own work I'm concentrating on ages six to thirteen. At that age kids are still eager. I've just about given up hope of arousing any interest in teenagers in any numbers."

Teddy Morris, who scouts Canadian youngsters for the Toronto Argonaut football team, maintains that "the sports people just aren't competing with cars and such things for the interest of teenagers. There are still enough boys in the small top bracket to keep the big football teams supplied, but they're coming from a smaller crop of boys who try to get to the top."

The teenager as a car owner: One group that has some affection (though it is a guarded affection) for the teenage driver is used-car dealers. Teenagers, who seldom pay more than three hundred and fifty dollars for a car (if they have to earn the money themselves), play a useful role in the car-selling cycle by providing an active market for the oldest cars.

Some dealers, though, are reluctant to sell to teenagers. "We won't sell on terms because minors aren't responsible for that kind of debt," says one dealer. "Besides, there's a good chance that a kid's father will come down and raise the dickens with us for selling junior a car without his permission, and the ill will isn't worth the few bucks we make on an old car."

Teenagers may often talk about foreign sports cars but as buyers they are remarkably conservative. When Canadian High News asked teenagers from Halifax to Victoria what cars they wanted, the answers in order of preference were: Chevrolet, Ford, Buick, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Dodge, Plymouth, Mercury, Chrysler and Meteor.

Social life: What are teenagers' own explanations of their great preoccupation with cars?

"A car makes me feel free and independent," says one. "It means I don't have to ask my father for his car when I want to go out with the gang."

At most schools there's a certain prestige attached to a car—usually more if the car, however battered, is the boy's



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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

own. But in a few schools in lower-income districts a car is regarded as snobbery and the owners are unpopular.

Is a car a social asset? Yes, but it has its limitations, the teenagers say. "If I liked two boys equally well I might date the one with a car a little more," a high-school girl admits. "But if one boy was nicer, a car wouldn't help the other. The one time a girl likes her escort to have a car is when she's going out with him all dressed up. She hates to ride a bus and be stared at."

What about the deepest inner fear of parents—that the combination of car, boy and girl may lead to immorality? Records of the Children's Aid Society of Metropolitan Toronto show that the proportion of teenagers among unwed mothers is rising rapidly and that the car is the most frequent "place of conception."

"To the extent that convenience and opportunity lead to immorality, the car can be blamed," says Kathleen Sutherland, supervisor of the society's unwed parents' department, "but we doubt that being in a car with a boy ever turned a moral girl into an immoral one."

Crime: In at least one way teenage car ownership is a crime deterrent, according to Sergeant Don Hanson, of the Calgary police. "A boy who owns a car doesn't steal a car," he points out, "and stealing cars or 'taking without owner's consent' is one of the most frequent ways in which kids first get into trouble."

But in many cities gasoline has been siphoned and gadgets have been stolen by teenagers who wanted them for their own cars.

Magistrate C. O. Bick, chairman of Metropolitan Toronto Police Commission, believes car ownership too often puts teenagers into an unfortunate relationship with police. "We try to teach children that policemen are their protectors and friends," he says. "Then in a few years the child gets a car and starts breaking traffic laws. The policeman tries to enforce them, and becomes his enemy—someone to be dodged, tricked, circumvented."

Parents and teenage drivers: One organization, the Parent Education Group of the Home and School Federation of Ontario, is trying to help parents arrive at a reasonably uniform policy for handling teenage driving problems by suggesting that study groups take up the question. But mostly Canadian parents are on their own. And they've concocted a wide variety of rules and attitudes. Among numerous parents questioned, uneasiness when their children were out in a car was the most prevalent parental feeling. But one mother said, "I worried for two years after my son started driving. Then last summer he got a job driving a truck for pay. That gave him such a sense of responsibility that I don't worry any more."

Some fathers happily use their children as chauffeurs. "There's free parking at my son's school," explains one father, "and it's plenty expensive downtown. So I let him drop me at the office, park at school, and pick me up after work."

Harassed parents often turn the right to drive the family car into a disciplinary whip to enforce good behavior in other matters. Some have worked out penalty points for various offenses. Coming home late, one use of car canceled; low school grades, a month of non-driving and so on.

"I suppose psychologists would say that's unscientific," says one mother. "But don't blame us parents. It's the last shred of control we have over our children nowadays." ★

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London Letter continued from page 10

"What, you may ask, has marriage to do with the problems of defense in a mad atomic world?"

greatness in the British political arena.

But he has one drawback, and it is serious. He is a bachelor! Admittedly he could remedy this omission, for he is a pleasant and attractive fellow when he is not herding his Tory pack into the

division lobby, but if he insists upon remaining a bachelor he may have to pay the price of celibacy.

At this point you might well ask what has happened to the chances of Rab Butler, who is now the leader of the

House as well as being home secretary. When Anthony Eden resigned as prime minister the successorship narrowed down to Rab Butler and Harold Macmillan. The Marquis of Salisbury, as the Tory leader in the House of Lords, advised

the Queen to appoint Butler to the premiership.

But old man Churchill plumped for Macmillan, and the Queen accepted his advice. Merely as an aside let me remind you that Salisbury, belonging to the Cecil family which has virtually ruled England from the time of the first Elizabeth, was so angry that he resigned and has hardly been heard of since.

So once more we see the power of the female in the affairs of men. It was the Queen who appointed Macmillan and by her decision she ended the Cecil regime forever. And probably the deciding factor was that Rab Butler was a widower and therefore had no consort to share the responsibilities of No. 10 Downing Street.

Now let us consider the prospects of Derick Heathcoat Amory, who holds the post of chancellor of the exchequer. He came to high office early in Macmillan's administration when Chancellor Peter Thorneycroft resigned because Macmillan would not agree to his proposed cuts in the Welfare State. Thorneycroft was foolish but brave and, being fairly young, he may find his reward in the future — but it will be a distant future.

Then what about Thorneycroft's successor — Heathcoat Amory? Everyone likes him as a cultured, homely fellow of good middle-class family who dearly loves a cup of tea which he himself brews in his flat. Well, what's wrong with that? Nothing, except that he is a bachelor.

No hostess at No. 10?

Thus, so far, we have in the contenders for the leadership stakes one widower (Butler) and two bachelors (Ted Heath and Derick Heathcoat Amory). In all three cases there would be no hostess at No. 10 if any of them attained the party leadership and the premiership. But should such considerations make any difference? Logically they should not, but undoubtedly they do.

Well, what about Duncan Sandys who married Sir Winston Churchill's daughter and is today, as minister of defense, the overlord of the three service ministers for the navy, the army and the air force? Sandys is efficient, utterly ruthless and he is a handsome fellow. It has always astonished me how I beat him for the parliamentary borough of Wood Green when the local Conservative association was choosing its candidate for the 1935 election. Quite probably it was because, at that time, I had a wife (whose qualities I shall not proclaim) and he was unmarried.

Then what is to prevent Duncan Sandys being touted as a candidate for No. 10 Downing Street? The answer, cruel as it may seem, is that he is estranged from his wife? But does that matter? What has marriage to do with the problems of defense in a mad atomic world? I cannot give the answer to the question but can only pose it. The people accept Sandys as a minister of defense but do not want a prime minister separated from his wife.

At this juncture you might well point out that when Sir Anthony Eden was still very much in the public eye he divorced his wife for desertion. All of us who were Eden's friends knew how hard he tried to keep his marriage intact, especially because one of their two sons was

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killed in aerial combat. But it was not to be. Happily, however, Eden married Sir Winston Churchill's niece and all was well until Suez and his failing health forced him to resign.

Who are the men most likely to supply the successor to Harold Macmillan when he decides to lay down the double load of premiership and party leadership?

Perhaps some of the readers of Maclean's will recall a fairly recent London Letter in which I discussed the qualities and the political possibilities of Iain Macleod, whose administration as minister of labor, and his formidable speeches in the Commons, have brought him great influence in Tory circles. He has a first-rate brain, he is a first-rate administrator, and he has integrity. He works like a beaver and is tireless in his encouragement to the younger members of the Conservative party not only in the Commons but in the constituencies.

Yet once again the feminine factor intervenes. Unhappily his wife became ill some time ago and has had to be content with an invalid's chair. I believe that she is making a good but slow recovery and may indeed be ultimately restored to full health, but could a woman who was ill for years take on the duties of hostess at No. 10 Downing Street? If good will could cure her—and it can certainly help—the whole country would rejoice.

If the Tories win, Macmillan will almost certainly carry on the burden of supreme office for two or three years and then make way for his successor in the party. If the Tories are defeated Macmillan would probably resign the party leadership and retire as per custom to the Upper House where he would take a well-deserved earldom.

In any case who will succeed him as leader of the Tory party in the Commons and in the country? The brilliant bachelor and chief whip Edward Heath? The ruthless Duncan Sandys who is separated from his wife? Heathcoat Amory brewing his own tea and boiling the eggs for his breakfast? Or will it be Iain Macleod with his tireless energy, his faith and his robust courage?

But wait a moment. Why have we not

considered the claims of the hard-working Selwyn Lloyd, who as foreign secretary, flies thousands and thousands of miles to try to bring peace and sanity to a disordered world? Alas! He and his wife are separated, and it is sad to see him hurrying home to his flat for a few minutes to see his little daughter.

You might well ask what a politician's private life has to do with the conduct of the nation's affairs. The answer is that a minister of the crown cannot draw a curtain between his private and his public life. Undoubtedly the strain and the

long hours of parliamentary responsibility rob marriage of much of its basic comradeship.

Not every woman has the sensibility of Disraeli's wife. When driving to Westminster in their carriage preparatory to an important speech by Dizzy, her finger was caught in the carriage door. She made no sound lest she should break the concentration of her husband. What would you, the women readers of Maclean's, do in such a situation? As a lover of peace and concord I herewith declare that you would have behaved in exactly

the same manner as Mrs. Disraeli did.

So to the final question! Who will succeed Macmillan? Not the widowed Butler, not the estranged Duncan Sandys, not the unmarried chancellor of the exchequer, not the wifeless foreign secretary.

In my opinion the finger of fate points to Iain Macleod. If I am right a Scottish prime minister will be followed by another Scottish prime minister—providing the Tories win the election. And after Mrs. Macleod's long illness there will be joy and tears and dedication in their modest home. ★



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NEXT ISSUE

M. S. DONNELLY
ARGUES

The farmer has too much voting power

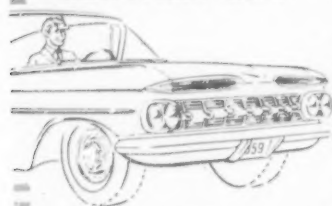
Our parliaments are dominated by rural MPs and MLAs whose numbers are far out of proportion to the voters they represent. The result, says this prominent political scientist, is bad government. Read this lively, provocative argument.



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For the sake of argument

Continued from page 8

tary forces might be inadequate to make such an action stick, it would gain us little anyway, for we would also have to nationalize the United States citizens who at present operate most of our economy. We would thus be defeating our own purpose.

It seems perfectly clear that we can't lick the Americans economically, and it is equally apparent that we can't do it militarily.

The whole question of where we stand militarily in relation to the U.S.A. is rather a tender one these days. There are some who claim, for instance, that the Canadian Army has now become no more than the awkward squad at the end of the last platoon of the United States Army.

The RCAF is not in a much better position, though it clearly hasn't grasped the fact that it is doomed. Nothing but total and willful blindness could have persuaded the air force that it would be allowed to continue building and flying its own fighter aircraft. The CF-105 was fated from its inception, and though we may admire the dogged efforts which were expended on its behalf, we must shake our heads at the unbelievable lack of realism which lay behind those efforts. The last of these—the desperate attempt to get Arrow No. 6, fitted with its own Iroquois engines, into the air before the government's deadline for a decision on the Arrow's fate—was a particularly pathetic example of the naïveté of the RCAF and of A. V. Roe. Diefenbaker knew as well as they did that No. 6 would almost certainly have established a world speed record and thereby would not only have irritated the Americans no end, but would also have led to a false flowering of Canadian national pride. By anticipating the announced date for its final decision by a month, the government easily outwitted this final and rather childish play by the supporters of the Arrow.

To have imagined in the first place that the Americans would allow the survival and continuing growth, on Canadian soil, of a major aircraft industry that they did not own or dominate was just plain asinine. If we had been less obtuse and had sent A. V. Roe packing long ago, and had turned the Malton plants over to Boeing, or Douglas; and if we had then expressed our willingness to rest content to manufacture aluminum wash basins and other minor parts for American aircraft, we would probably still have a relatively viable, if captive industry, at Malton today. And Diefenbaker would have been spared the necessity of making an unpopular, if inevitable, decision, and of having to camouflage the real reasons for that decision behind so much expensive verbiage.

Now that it is too late, the RCAF is showing a modicum of sense. It now intends to buy American aircraft, but if it hopes to stave off dissolution by this belated act of bribery, then it is simply too optimistic to merit survival. While it remains the Royal Canadian Air Force,



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and while Canada persists in attempting to retain the illusion of sovereignty, the RCAF can expect to continue in existence only as a motley collection of lower-grade technicians, official greeters at U.S. radar and missile sites, grease monkeys, and pen-pushers. The air force may, for a limited time, be allowed to fly a few military aircraft but if it has any actual future in the air it will be in the role of a transport auxiliary serving to ferry U.S. personnel from one Canadian base to another.

The RCN is in much better condition than either the army or the air force. Perhaps because of its tradition of silence (a tradition so unfamiliar to Americans that it may well have served as a smoke-screen) it has, so far, partially escaped the doom which is overwhelming its sister services, for the Americans seem to have overlooked it. Reactionary, adamant and secretive, it has managed to retain a hold on many outmoded European attitudes and, unlike the army and air force, it has not succumbed to the necessity of modeling itself on the new and superior patterns which originate from the Pentagon. The result is that the RCN is still a relatively effective military weapon, even though it officially exists only as a submarine-chasing auxiliary to the U.S. Navy.

Furthermore—and this is an astounding oversight on someone's part — the RCN still makes some of its own weapons right here in Canada. Its ships are Canadian designed and built, and largely armed from Canadian factories. I assume that this unnatural state of affairs will soon be rectified.

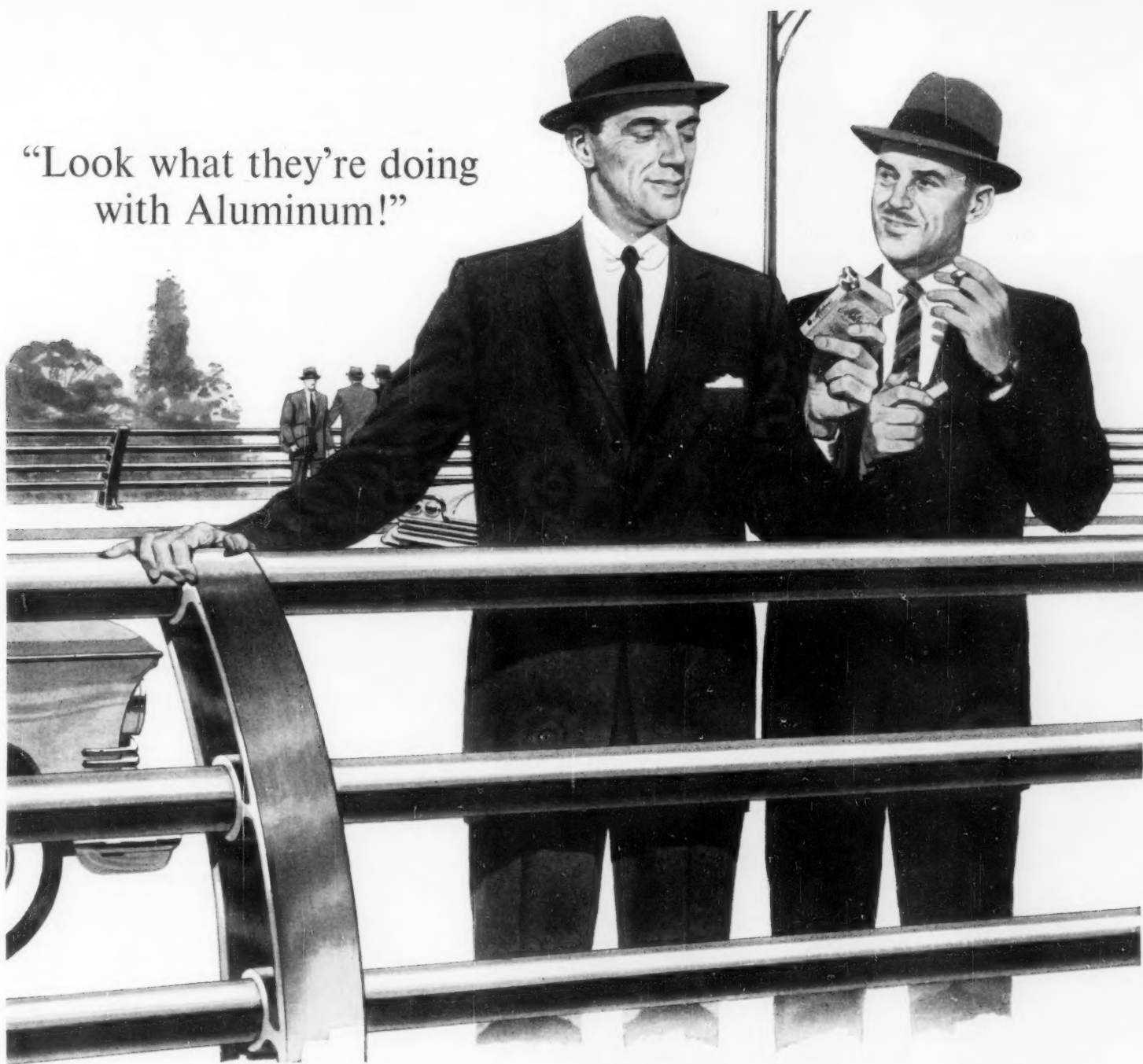
Still, the Navy's situation is only relatively good. So long as it remains the Royal Canadian Navy, and while Canada insists on waving the flag she hasn't got, our navy is living on borrowed time. A retired admiral of my acquaintance tells me that he foresees the loss, within a decade, of all our fine new destroyer-escorts, which will be taken over by the U.S. Navy (although it doesn't really want them and will probably give them to Thailand). They will be replaced by a fleet of harbor tugs made in the United States. Frankly I think the old admiral is unjustifiably optimistic.

As a protection against American usurpation of our sovereignty, or even as a token of prestige and national status, the Canadian military forces provide about as useful a shield as one could make out of the lid of an old garbage can.

If it is accepted, as it must be by any reasonable man, that we are already totally helpless on the economic and military fronts, then there is very little use in even discussing those remaining aspects of the Canadian way of life which might conceivably provide some basis for resistance. It is one of the sad misconceptions of our time that a modern nation of the new era can retain its independence and its stature as a free country by virtue of its cultural achievements. This is nothing but self-delusion of the worst kind. Even assuming that Canada had any cultural achievements to brag about—a matter of doubt in many circles—these would avail us nothing against the big fleets and the big divisions.

We have only to look to Italy and France for confirmation of this fact. In the struggle between Russia and the United States for world domination, France and Italy, who are two of the great incubators of ideas, beauty and civility, have about as much potency either in defending their real freedoms, or in influencing the course of world affairs, as a tranquilizer pill would have on a brontosaurus. How then can we,

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with our largely ephemeral, and petty pretensions to a national culture, expect to stave off the overwhelming pressure of the United States? Even assuming that we had some effective control over our own mass media of communications (and we do not) the proposition would be a hopeless one.

So the plain fact of the matter is that, on any count, we cannot lick the States.

Since this is indisputably so, we had better jine 'em—and do it fast.

We have almost nothing left to lose, but we do have immense advantages to gain by becoming the fifty-first star on Old Glory. Speed, however, is essential for if we let much more time elapse and continue to sit peevishly by while the final vestiges of our independence vanish, we will have nothing left with which to bargain for admittance to the United States. If the Americans manage to survive for another decade they will perceive that there is no longer any advantage in admitting us to statehood. We can then expect to assume the role so recently vacated by Hawaii and Alaska. But if we act now, while a few die-hards like General Andy MacNaughton are still able to preserve the illusion that Canadians are tough customers, we may be able to sneak into the Union on reasonably equitable terms.

I doubt that we would be granted immediate statehood, but I am sure something could be worked out. Perhaps instead of a star on Old Glory we would have to be temporarily content with a small satellite placed in the lower left corner of the flag; but given time and cunning I am sure we could better that position.

Consider some of the advantages that would accrue to us as a result of full political union with the United States.

In the first place we would have a share in our own destiny so that when the atomic bombs began to fall we would vaporize in the knowledge that we were on one of the two big teams and not just unfortunate bystanders.

There is also the possibility, vague though it may seem, that we might actually be able to have some say about our own demise. If we are admitted to statehood it is improbable that we will enter the Union as a single state. Texas would never allow this. Texas would probably not allow us to enter as ten states, since most of these would still be bigger than she is. If we played our cards right we might get Texas to insist that we be split up into twenty or thirty states. Then, assuming that we were given (or could buy on the free U.S. market) the right to vote, we might actually be able to exert some influence on American affairs.

I doubt that our seventeen million ex-Canadians would be immediately swamped by a north-bound tide of other Americans, since most Americans who ever wanted to come to Canada have already done so. We ought to be able to retain, for a few years at any rate, some semblance of cohesiveness among ourselves and this would tend to offset our numeri-

cal inferiority, since there is little cohesiveness anywhere else in America, except, in certain special respects, in the Southern States.

In terms of the general treatment meted out to us by Washington, we stand to make fantastic gains. No state of the U.S. government. Even a state as tiny as Rhode Island would rise in open revolt if it was banged about the ears the way we are. If we became part of the Union, Washington would not dare to continue to deal with us as if we were of no more importance than a small and yappy dog at the back door. (The fact that we are of no more importance than the dog has nothing to do with my argument.) The American constitution would forbid it, and the American political system would make it impossible. We would become *people*—if only we had U.S. citizenship.

In terms of practical details, the things we would stand to gain by union are so numerous that it would require books to list them all. I shall content myself with a haphazard few.

If we joined the U.S.A.:

There would no longer be any excuse for the tedious and eternal Canadian flag dispute.

We could dispense with Ottawa entirely—a compensation which alone ought to make union worthwhile.

Our career soldiers, airmen and sailors would be able to attend proper military institutes and, if they had the ability, would stand a chance of acquiring a little gold braid on their shoulders as well as a lot of magnificent ornaments elsewhere on their uniforms. They would no longer be spectators at war games; they would no longer need to bow toward the Pentagon at dawn each day, and some of them might even be allowed to enter that holy place.

We could immediately dispense with Maclean's Magazine.

Our so-called International labor unions would no longer have to effect the pretense that they are staunchly independent of their American bosses; and Hoffa could get on with the job of cleaning out our Augean stables without delay.

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The government would buy all our surplus farm products and give them away to Poland, while paying our farmers a salary to encourage them to give up growing food at all.

We would be able to claim at least token ownership over the natural resources that we are at present giving away to the United States as partial payment of tribute.

We would be able to get rid of our antiquated British judicial system and put the dispensing of justice on a more practical, and financially rewarding, basis.

John Fisher would be out of a job.

We could get into serious competition with Chicago for the world's highest crime rate; juvenile delinquents would be able to walk proudly, with uplifted heads; the Mafia would show us how to run our backwoods criminal organizations with a new efficiency.

We could dispense with the CBC and James Bannerman.

The Strontium 90 which we collected in our bones would be our own and no longer just a handout from across the border.

We would have a share in the worldwide popularity which is an automatic adjunct of U.S. citizenship.

The RCMP would be able to vastly increase their efficacy as strike-breakers and native overseers by substituting tommy guns for riding crops.

Our own Native Sons could cosily foregather with the Daughters of the Revolution — a meeting of *simpaticos* which might lead to the most astonishing results.

Despite the manifest and obvious benefits which would accrue to us, it is inevitable that this enlightened suggestion for a brighter Canadian future would meet with resistance from some of my more unrealistic compatriots. I am afraid that our politicians would be against union, knowing as they must that their capacity for venality would not be enough to ensure survival in the jungles of Washington.

We could also expect some resistance from within the United States. The Republicans would probably be against admitting us, since they must know that we have voted almost solidly Democratic in every U.S. election for several decades. Furthermore our entry into the Union would face the Republicans with the task of finding a niche for John Diefenbaker—a prospect that might well chill their enthusiasm for Manifest Destiny. It is unlikely that American businessmen would welcome union with Canada either, for they can make far more money out of us as things now stand.

Newfoundland, Cape Breton Island, Baffin Island, the Brantford Iroquois Reserve, parts of Quebec, Victoria, B.C., and some other peripheral areas would of course be adamantly opposed to union. However these areas could be set apart as native enclaves, or reservations, to be administered by the U.S. department of native affairs (a synonym for the State Department). Some such system of reservations would be essential in any case if only to contain those Canadians who would not be eligible for U.S. citizenship because, in their youth, they happened to pick up a copy of *Das Kapital* in the mistaken impression that it was a guide-book to Berlin.

Still, all these are but minor problems

in the realization of a grand design, and they could all be solved if we would make the effort. And we *must* make the effort if we are ever to achieve anything approaching equality with Big Uncle to the south. In our case, unlike that of Japan and Germany, there is no other way open to us except through total assimilation. Never having had the ability to mount a threat of world tyranny, and consequently never having had the opportunity of waging proper war with the United States, we cannot look for any of the preferential treatment which the

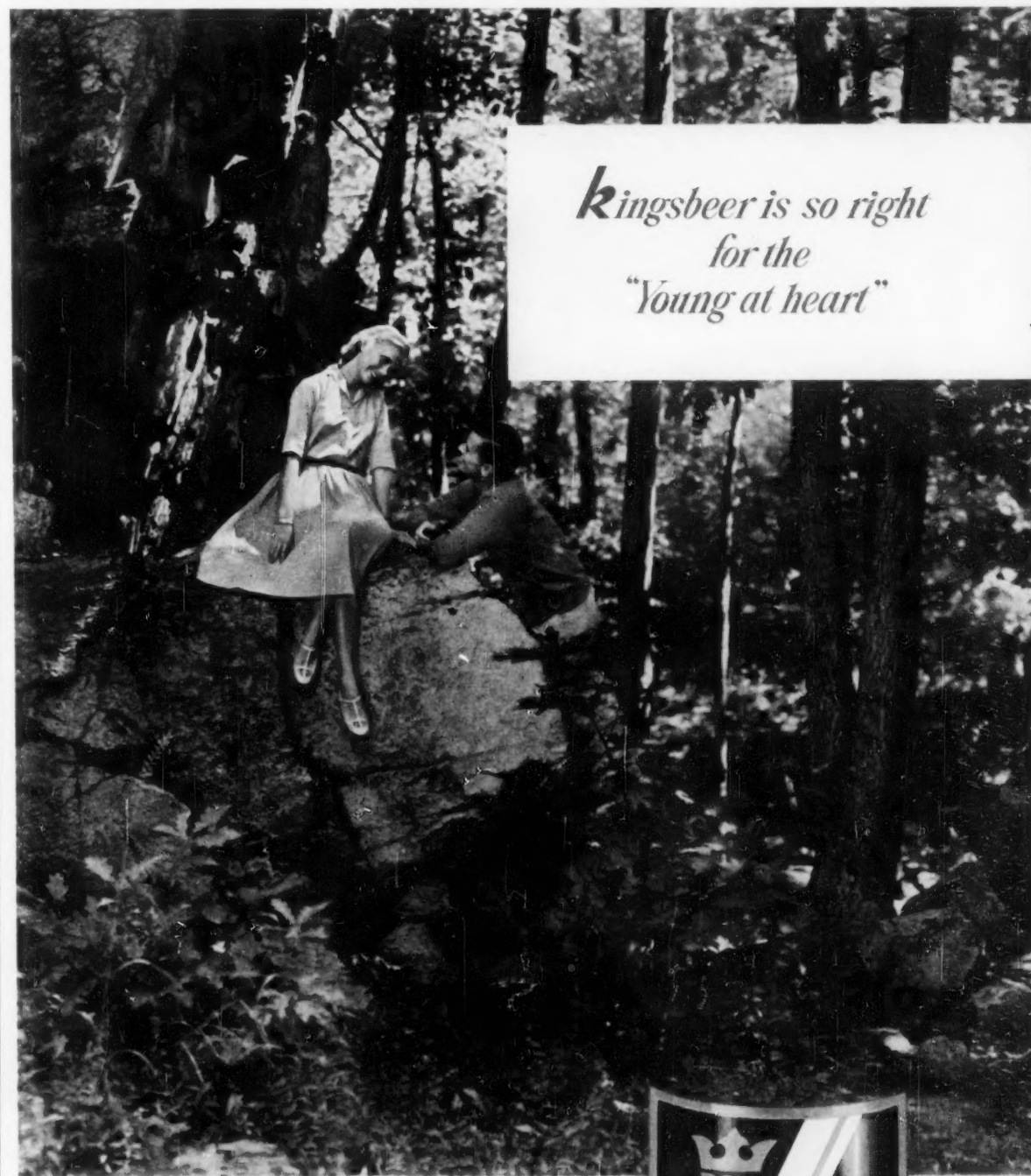
Americans, in their generosity, have accorded to the Germans and the Japanese. (An example of this was reported just a few weeks ago when, hard on the heels of the death of Malton, the United States announced that it had commissioned Willy Messerschmidt to build, in Germany, some 300 fighter aircraft for the use of Allied and the United States air forces.)

If we act intelligently, and act at once, we have a good chance of gaining some measure of equality through union, if only we pull it off before the Americans

realize that they have no need to admit us.

The concept of Manifest Destiny—one nation from coast to coast, sideways and up-and-down—still has an irresistible attraction for many Americans. We have only to exploit that attraction to achieve our purpose and enter into a rosy new dawn.

I implore you, my fellow ex-Canadians, to heed what I have said, and to act upon it. From my small atoll in the Tongan group I shall watch your progress with deep interest. ★

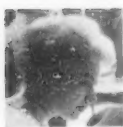


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Why Sylvia Murphy turns her back on the big time continued from page 27

"This girl is fundamentally not career — she's the mother-Eve type," says Charles Templeton

to a place among big-time entertainers. "I'm busy enough and happy enough here," she remarked one time, long before Templeton had proposed. "Why would I want to go to England or get involved in that New York scramble?"

Personal success, in fact, was never an end in itself, and Sylvia had acquired a practical philosophy through the kind of personal experience that can't help but mold a character, one way or another. When she was a child her father, a sea-

man, developed amnesia following an accident and was missing for three years. Her mother became a charwoman and, still unable to make ends meet, was obliged to put Sylvia and Sylvia's two little brothers in an orphanage. Ten years later

Sylvia tasted the other side of life; she married a millionaire's son in Montreal.

After they'd had two children they separated and eventually were divorced.

"I thought for a time," says her mother now, "that Sylvia would not get over it without serious consequences. But somehow she did. She can be very determined."

Templeton observed this aspect of her personality, which he calls "a kind of forcefulness," when he first met Sylvia, and one gathers that he attributed it to ambition. He soon changed his mind. Their first meeting came when he was cast by producer Paul Almond in the lead of the television murder drama last January. He, like Sylvia, had never acted in a TV play before.

Of their first meeting, he recalls that he felt no emotional attraction.

"I'm just not interested in blond singers," he says. "This will make me very popular with the blond singers I know, no doubt, but I've found you get sort of bored; they haven't enough brains to hold your interest."

"I felt that way about Sylvia. I had no interest until the third rehearsal when we got discussing a fairly serious subject — I don't recall now what it was — and I was surprised that she carried it. So I asked her, during a break, if she'd like to go out for something to eat. She said, 'I'll see,' and I thought to myself, 'That's the end of it.'"

"Then the two of us were interviewed on the program Scan, talking about the play that was coming up. After that interview, we did go to dinner. It was enjoyable but we've discussed this since and both of us felt when I took Sylvia home that that was that. I wasn't going to call her again but it was necessary to get together to rehearse our lines and, well, it just grew from there."

"I now know that from the time she was very young she sustained herself and, later, her mother and her family. This has produced a kind of forcefulness of manner, an assertiveness. But this is not her. This girl is fundamentally not career. She's a mother-Eve type."

If mother-Eve is not precisely the term that has been leaping to the minds of two million Murphy viewers it's because she looks the way a blond singer ought to look when she pours out a throaty ode to love or belts out an up-tempo Kane specialty. She has near-classic curves of 37½—25—37, a confident measured poise, and that indefinable communication that transcends the invisible barrier between a man's picture tube and his easy chair and makes him wiggle his toes.

She has the kind of face to induce the Music Makers producer, Norman Sedawie, to bring in his cameras for tight close-ups, warmly mobile and expressive. Sedawie, by the way, went from one coast to the other holding auditions in a search of a singer for this show. He heard well over a hundred girls, he says, and none came close to Sylvia in providing what he was seeking — versatility.

"Technically," he says, "she has peers. She's not always in tune, even, and she could use better phrasing in jazz. But she's one of the few anywhere who can sing a bright punchy tune and then do a nice ballad."

"Name me another singer anywhere who can do both and look good while doing them. She can handle anything the

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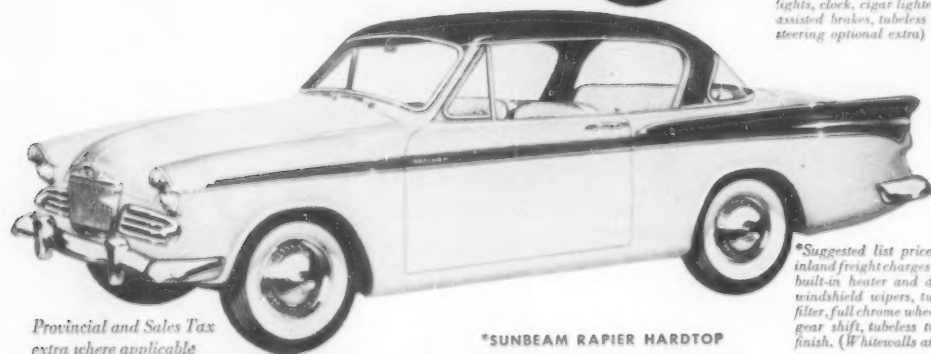
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*SUNBEAM RAPIER HARDTOP

*Suggested list price at port of entry \$2559 inland freight charges additional, equipped with built-in heater and defroster, 2-speed electric windshield wipers, turn signals, full flow oil filter, full chrome wheel discs, tachometer, sports gear shift, tubeless tires and spare, two-tone finish. (If whitewalls and over-drive extra).

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band can do, and this is a band that does a lot of things. It's got to; week after week for a full half-hour we've got nothing but music. No dancers, no fellahs with funny sayings."

Yet if Sylvia looks as blond singers are supposed to look, she doesn't act as blond singers are supposed to act. She isn't cute and coy around the rehearsal halls although she's often the only girl in the place as Kane and his thirty-one musicians work up a show with producer Sedawie and writer Frank Peppiatt (Peppiatt, a former TV comedian, who has become one of Canada's top variety writers, says: "Without Sylvia this show is the YMCA").

When she's not rehearsing her songs with the band she sits quietly by, listening and watching as the other numbers take shape, her foot tapping out the beat. Or she glances impassively through the TV columns in the afternoon papers that lie strewn like rumpled bed-sheets across chairs and work tables. Or, oblivious to the band's din in the small room, she silently works through her songs from a piece of sheet music, her head nodding out the notes. Or sometimes she sits and knits. During breaks she confers with the stocky, serious-visaged Kane, softly humming her parts in his sometimes-involved arrangements, or she plays cribbage with a musician until the break is over.

Her spare-time activities, prior to her marriage to Templeton, were confined almost entirely to the inside of her home and to her two children, Deborah Anne, who is six, and Michael David, three. She made all the drapes in her spacious six-room apartment in North Toronto, made the bedspreads, knit matching red ski-sweaters for herself and the two children, with white fawns worked into the design on theirs and reindeers on hers, and she hooked an inch-and-a-half-deep rug of pure wool for the bathroom. Her mother, a tiny, talkative, friendly woman, looked after the children when Sylvia was working or rehearsing, but at least three days a week Sylvia was home to cook dinner and, according to Templeton, "is really a wonderful cook."

He recalls that when he first started going with her she insisted, if they were out for dinner, on being home by 7:30, so she could put the kids to bed. She sang a prayer and the bedtime song Christopher Robin with them, and Templeton says, grinning, "I knew she wasn't trying to con me because the kids knew the words."

Once, Sylvia herself cried when little Michael hurt himself and ran into the house crying and calling, "Mamma, mamma" — the children's name for Mrs. Murphy; Sylvia's is Mommie. She thought Michael should have called her when he was hurt.

"Those things are far more important than singing," she said recently. "Don't misunderstand; I love singing and the work I'm doing, and I've been awfully lucky. But I don't like them *that* much."

Although her childhood was hard, Sylvia wants nothing more for her children than that they have the love and affection and kind of family life she had.

"I didn't even know we were poor," she told interviewer Joyce Davidson on the program Close-Up one time. "I remember some kids were ragging me and they told me we were poor and I couldn't understand it. I ran home and asked my mother if we were poor people."

Sylvia and her younger brother Joe, who is working on a Ph.D. in theoretical physics at McGill University now, and Harry, who is in his third year of geology at the same school, were very close in spite of their father's limited income in

the pre-war depression years in Montreal. Sylvia was born there Sept. 24, 1931. They had singsongs at home at which little Sylvia would stand up and announce, "Miss Sylvia Murphy presents the outstanding duet, the Murphy brothers!" Her father, John Murphy, whom Sylvia's mother says "could get music out of a pair of spoons," accompanied the boys on an accordion.

John injured his head when Sylvia was seven. He stooped to pick up four-year-old Harry and as he straightened up he struck his head sharply on the corner of

a cupboard. He suffered a concussion and some time later began to lose his memory and have hallucinations. He kept taking work as a seaman whenever he could find a ship, however, and in 1938 he got one to Australia. He missed the return voyage and then got a ship bound for England. He was there when war broke and was working in a shipyard when amnesia overtook him completely. "He just forgot all about us," says Mrs. Murphy.

She took jobs as a housekeeper and then scrubbed walls in office buildings.

One evening she came home late to find nine-year-old Sylvia cooking dinner for her two brothers. "I'm looking after them, Mom," she said. She was frying eggs.

But by April of 1940 Mrs. Murphy was unable to make ends meet and still look after her family. She made a hard decision. She put the three of them in St. Patrick's orphanage. The city of Montreal paid for the two boys and Mrs. Murphy paid ten dollars a month for Sylvia. They were in the orphanage a year, and Sylvia scoffs at the suggestion

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the experience seared her with psychological scars.

"It wasn't bad at all," she says. "Mother visited us nearly every day and we had movies on Sunday night. The only unhappiness I remember came from the fact all the toys were kept in drawers in the assembly hall, and the drawers had no locks. To teach us neatness, the nuns would give away any toys that were not put neatly away in the drawers every evening. I used to be very neat and I'd always put my favorite toys away. But then other kids would take them out of

the unlocked drawers and leave them out and the nuns would give them away."

They left the orphanage in the summer of 1941 when John Murphy came home. Within six months he developed meningitis of the brain and died before the end of the year. Mrs. Murphy took a small apartment in a converted barracks in downtown Montreal on Dowd Street near Bleury, got a twenty-five-dollar-a-month Needy Mothers' allowance and worked as a charwoman in St. Patrick's Church.

"The welfare people sent us a quart

of milk and a loaf of bread a day," she recalls, "and I scrubbed floors at the homes of friends who'd let me get home in time to look after the children. My brother Charlie in Brooklyn used to send clothes and I'd cut them down for Sylvia and Joe and Harry. But Charlie couldn't keep doing that. It's like a leaking bucket—how long can you keep on filling it?"

Sylvia went to St. Patrick's Academy and her brothers to St. Patrick's boys' school and then they all went to D'Arcy McGee high school. Sylvia left in her

third year to take a business course when she was sixteen, her mother somehow providing the fee of sixteen dollars a month. Then a man who knew the family gave her a job as a stenographer in a wholesale woolens firm.

The boys were still in school—or so Mrs. Murphy thought. One Friday night Joe asked his mother to wake him early in the morning. He was sleeping soundly when she went in to waken him and, knowing there was no school on Saturday, she let him sleep. When he awoke he leaped to his feet and cried, "I'll be fired!"

"From what?" she asked.

And then Joe told her he'd been working in the CNR freight office and proudly produced sixty dollars he'd saved to give her.

Joe had learned to play a secondhand cornet his mother had picked up for a dollar, and he and Sylvia had played and sung at the school. She'd done a few club dates and one night went to the Algiers night club in Montreal with some of the musicians. They persuaded the manager to let her sing. She did *How High the Moon*, and the manager was so impressed that he hired Sylvia for seventy-five dollars a week for the next nine weeks.

For two years she sang in various Montreal clubs and then one night when she was working at the *Chez Paree* a girl friend introduced her to a young man whose father was a millionaire industrialist. She was eighteen when they were married in July 1950. She had had an offer from Sammy Kaye, the American orchestra leader, just prior to this. Kaye had asked her to cut a recording and have pictures taken and send them to him. She made the recording and had the pictures and then, typically, did not send them. Instead, she gave up her career to be a housewife, but had to resume it after her separation.

She began doing club dates again and got a radio show with Peter Barry in Montreal. One night on television from Toronto she saw an old friend, Don Cameron, who had played in a band with which she'd sung. He was now a leading commercial announcer. Sylvia phoned his mother on Christmas Eve to get his address and Mrs. Cameron told her Don was coming home for Christmas and that she was holding a surprise party for him. Would Sylvia come over and be Don's surprise date?

She went to the Camerons and Don was delighted to see her. He said he'd speak to Billy O'Connor, on whose radio program he was doing commercials and whose girl singer, Juliette, was leaving the show for one of her own. O'Connor auditioned Sylvia, liked her, and for the next nine months she commuted to Toronto to work with Billy.

She made her first television appearance on a sustaining program called *11:30 Friday Nite* on March 2, 1956, and made no splash. She got a couple of guest appearances on *Cross-Canada Hit Parade* and then got the summer replacement job with Billy O'Connor on the show *Club O'Connor*. In May 1958, producer Norman Sedawie settled on Sylvia as the permanent vocalist on *Music Makers* after trying her, and several other singers, in occasional appearances.

But this climb to the top has really only been incidental to her real goal in life, which, as she indicated nine years ago when she didn't pursue Sammy Kaye's offer, is not a career. Now that she's married to Chuck Templeton it's unlikely that the biggest singing star in Canadian television will long be Sylvia Murphy, the critics' choice for 1959. It's more likely she'll be found over a hot stove. ★



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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



"The editor, Dear Sir, I object! . . ."



" . . . We welcome all comments . . ."



Feyer at work—by Feyer.

While we're proud of the famous bylines that often appear in Maclean's, we're no less proud of the comparatively unknown writers whose names appear in each issue on page 4. They are the unpaid authors of our Mailbag column. Facing a rejection rate that would make professional writers blanch, they write us by the thousand every year. They write to tell us what a good job we're doing or what a bad job we're doing, to grind personal axes, to tear apart Arguments that don't agree with them and to put forward arguments that do, to ask where they can buy a new product they've read about in Preview or to show us their design for a Canadian flag. We love them all. This is what happens when the

mail arrives: every letter is typed by a girl with an uncommon knack for deciphering even the most obscure handwriting, and copies are distributed among all the editors. We try to acknowledge every letter we receive.

For a reason we've yet to discover (more retired citizens with time for serious cogitation?) we get more letters from British Columbia than any other province and more from Victoria than any other city. Ontario runs second, followed by Quebec, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Alberta. Maritime readers write least (too busy?).

Over a year, we get letters from every state in the Union and recently we've had comments from

Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia; Keri Keri, New Zealand; and Marudi, Sarawak, British Borneo.

Choosing a dozen or two to publish every two weeks is an ordeal. Since we haven't the space for an open forum, we limit our choice to letters dealing specifically with Maclean's articles. We like pithy letters (ten-page, single-spaced epistles aren't uncommon) and we often have to edit them for reasons of space. Both pro and con, we try to sample the variety of opinion, rather than indicate the sheer weight of it.

Then George Feyer goes to work. Feyer is a Hungarian-born artist who's been illustrating Mailbag since 1952. Without a pencil. He borrows a pencil from us and,

more quickly than an ordinary mortal can read a letter, he illustrates it. Our job is never to inspire him — only to tone him down. He likes dogs better than people and his cartoons are always overrun with dogs. Occasionally — such as the time he drew a Red Ensign on a pillow — his illustrations for letters draw more letters which he, in turn, illustrates, which . . .

Some of our liveliest correspondence is exchanged with a handful of very regular writers. Our all-time champion is a man who lives in Toronto. At press time, he'd written us thirteen times this year. He is followed very closely by certain residents of Prince Albert, Sask., Brandon, Man., and, naturally, Vancouver and Victoria.

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Parade

Let's run through that just once more

Though accustomed to the technological wonders of television, a group of Toronto CBC actors enjoying a rehearsal break couldn't take their fascinated eyes off a newly installed coffee machine as it un-failingly performed its automatic routine. First the coffee came pouring out, then the cream, then the sugar and finally — the paper cup.

* * *

We didn't realize how high the standard of living was in B.C. until we read an ad in the Vernon News: "Wanted — Girl to sleep in five days a week while mother works . . ." Out there they pay teenagers for that?

* * *

A Parade scout in Portage la Prairie, Man., swears that while he was standing in line at the post-office wicket the other day, the fellow ahead of him in bush jacket and overalls asked the clerk for a radio license. Told they haven't been issued for years he mumbled, "Oh?" and walked off shaking his head.

* * *

The course of true love seldom runs smooth, and advertising in the personal column of the Vancouver Sun doesn't help it a darn — witness these three adjoining ads:

Snooks, happy news, please phone me. S.R.H.

S.R.H. where can I contact you? Snooks. Box 539, Sun.

Snooks darling, please phone me. S.R.H.

* * *

There's a woman in Kingston, Ont., with a new baby, but it's not her first baby and she doesn't believe everything



she reads anymore. For instance, the serious bit of advice she found on page twenty-one of the Ontario health department's book on The Baby: "It is essential that the nursing mother have at least eight hours undisturbed sleep at night."

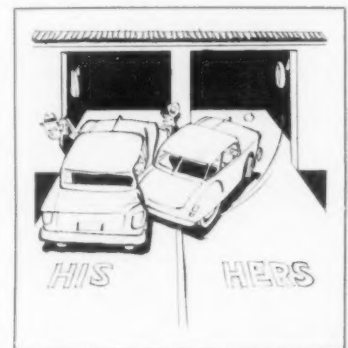
* * *

Our favorite nice - warm - spring - day story this year concerns a Winnipeg seven - year - old who trooped happily homeward plastered with mud, and to his father's incredulous "How could you!" explained philosophically, "Well, Dad, I guess that's just part of growing up."

The woman on the Ottawa bus had clearly reached that stage in pregnancy when there's nothing much to do but wait. As she stood for her stop she looked down, sighed, leaned over and picked up a button. "Well, that's two gone!" she exclaimed cheerily, and clutching her coat to give the third and last button a chance, stepped off.

* * *

Sign of the opulent times in Edmonton, Alta., is a house with a two-car garage and a double-width driveway that has a



white line running down the middle. One side is marked "His," the other "Hers."

* * *

There's a fellow in Victoria, B.C., who will soon be taking his outboard motor outfit out of the bank vault where he now stores it for safekeeping, to enjoy it guardedly for another season. Away back a year ago January, upon visiting his cottage near Sidney, he discovered the motor had been stolen. Late last fall he gave up hope of the police ever finding it and disgustingly hauled gas tank, cables and all the rest of the accessories down to an auction room in Victoria — and found his own motor up for sale. Police traced it back through two previous owners to the man who stole it and put him in jail, but you can't be that lucky twice.

* * *

If you're going to outwit the parking problem these days, you've got to be really smart about it. Not like the Montreal wiseguy recently observed parking his car in front of a fire hydrant and tucking a previously received parking tag under his windshield wiper — for he was observed by a cop standing just a few feet away. More like the young housewife in Vancouver who found a parking spot all right, but couldn't unpark because other cars fore and aft were snubbed up so tight against hers. Now when she goes shopping she takes the family dog along and ties his leash to the back bumper, knowing he'll defy any other motorist to park within reach.

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